



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

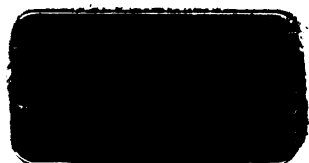
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

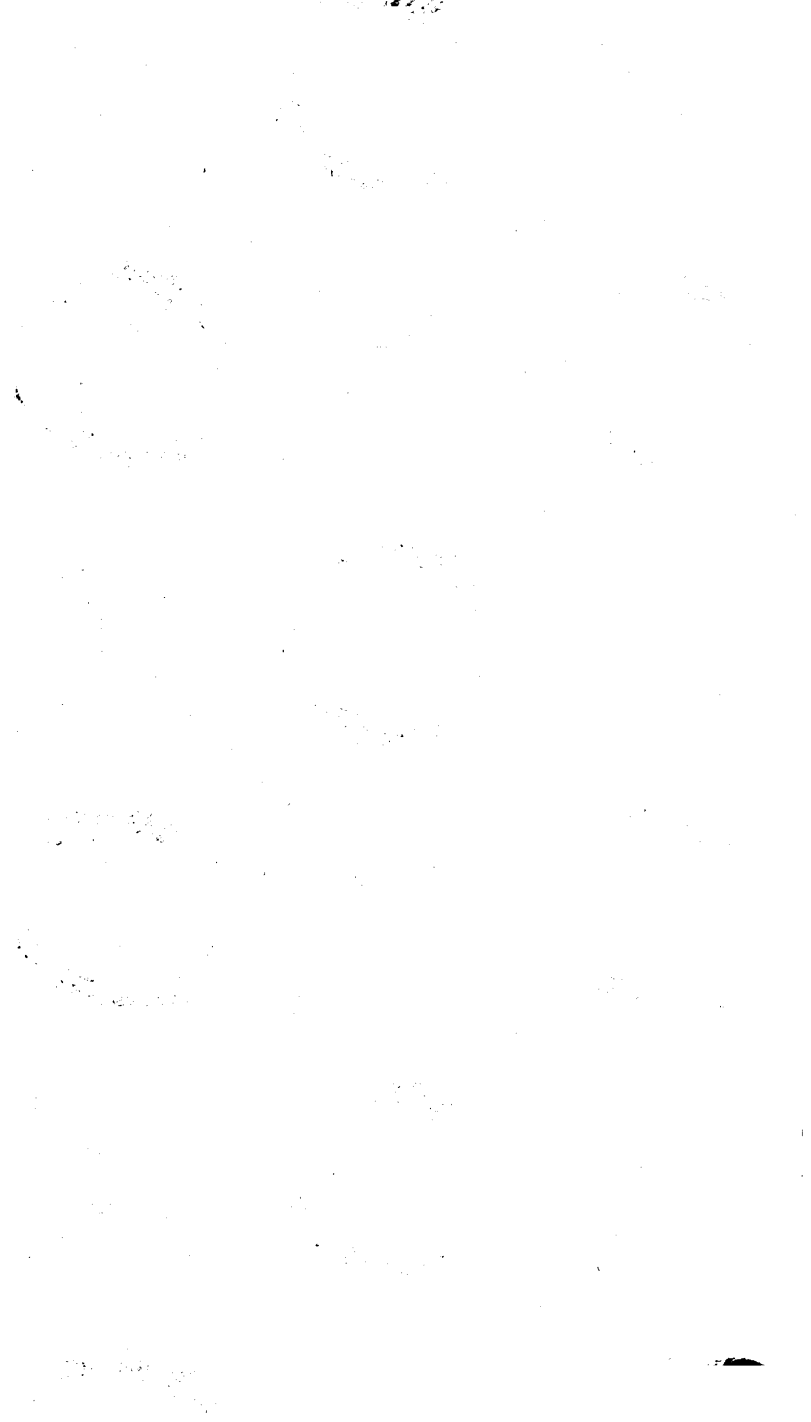
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





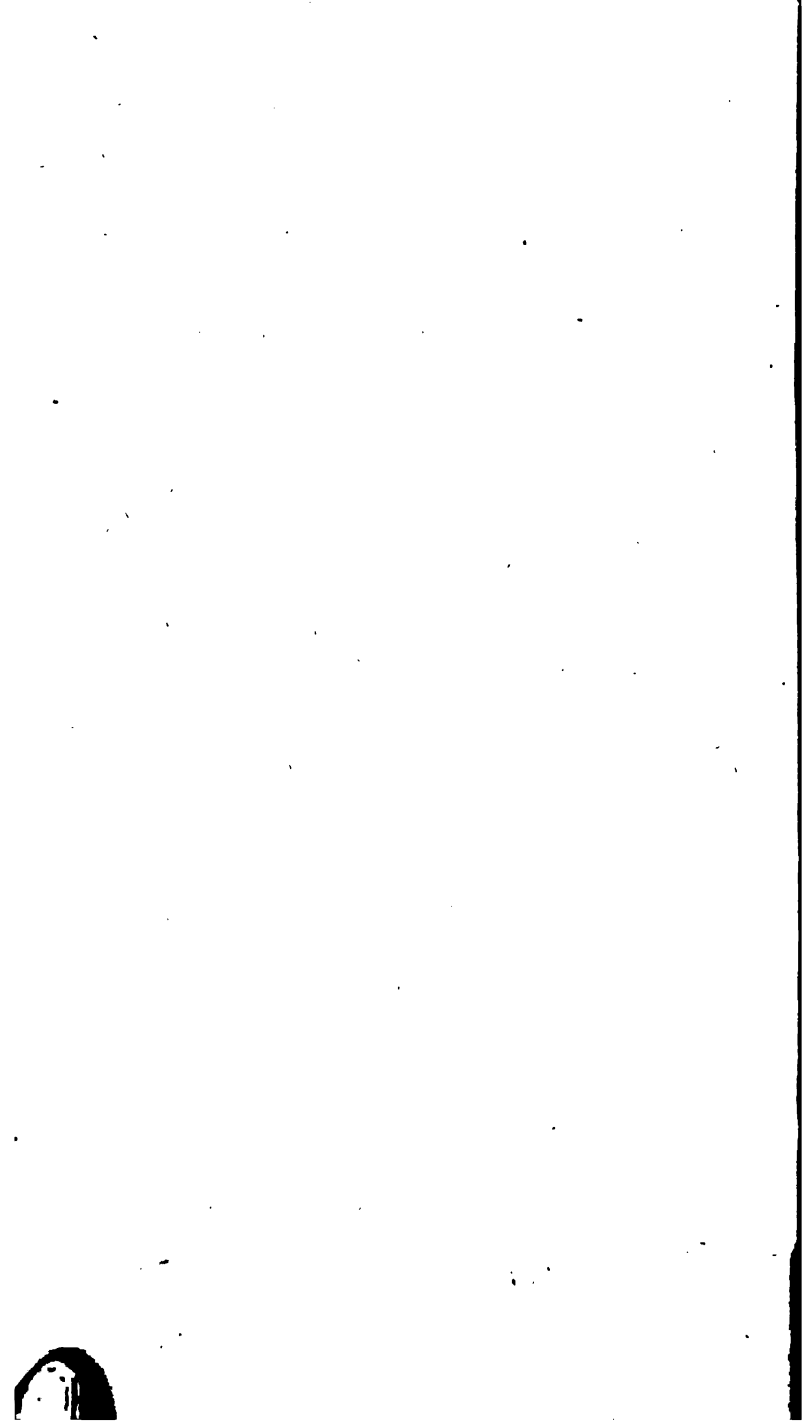






DON ESTEBAN.

VOL. III.



DON ESTEBAN;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF A SPANIARD.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1825.

LONDON :

SHACKEL AND ARROWSMITH, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

CONTENTS

OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

Page.

Esteban's Entry into Spain—State of the Country—Arrival at Cigales—Removal to Valladolid—Isabella's Arrival—Clerical Conduct towards Doña Teresa—Don Facundo's Arrival—A Nocturnal Visit to Esteban—Some Account of the Inquisition 1—18

CHAPTER II.

Morning Devotions in the Inquisition, Repasts, &c.—Description of the Hall of Judgment—Esteban's Examinations—Chamber of Torture—Esteban's Sufferings—Curious Communication from the Inquisitor 19—40

CHAPTER III.

Esteban's Removal to the Civil Prison—Interview with his Family—Method of arranging Affairs with Spanish Judges—Fidelity of a Domestic—Parting Scene—Esteban's Solitary Journey to Madrid—A Visit to Father Martinez, the King's Preacher—Esteban's Admission into his Presence—Father Martinez's Plan—Important Communication from him..... 41—66

CHAPTER IV.

Visit to the Duke de Alagon, Captain of the Guards—Qualifications necessary for Admission into the Royal

VOL. III.

a 2

M513917

	Page.
Guards—Description of Madrid—Public Promenades— A Manola— <i>Togue a las Oraciones</i> —Gardens of the Buen Retiro—Bull Fight—Sketch of the Great Torero —Maiquez, the Spanish Roedius, and a Picador	67—82

CHAPTER V.

Meeting with Anton—His Adventures and Account of Lozano de Torres, Minister of Grace and Justice—Fer- dinand's Credulity and Lozano's Manœuvres—Canons of Santiago—Lozano's Method of transacting Business with Ferdinand—Esteban takes Anton again into his Service	83—96
---	-------

CHAPTER VI.

News from Home—Political Aspect of Affairs in Spain— Visit to the <i>Fiscal de Guardias</i> —Method of Transact- ing Business at the Office of the Duke de Alagon— Esteban's Presentation to Ferdinand—Portrait of that King—Ceremonies on taking the Oath when entering the Guards	97—114
--	--------

CHAPTER VII.

The King and Royal Family—Their Manner of Living— Various Officers in the Royal Household—The Queen and the Infanta's Female Attendants—Young Ladies of the Bed-chamber—Meals of the Royal Family—Pe- titions to and Audiences of the King—Fair Petitioners, and Gallantry of Ferdinand—His Evening Pastimes— His Buffoon, Chamorro, and his Friends—Inconstancy of his Favour—His profitable Attendance on Churches—His Partiality for Monks explained	115—139
---	---------

CONTENTS.

iii

CHAPTER VIII.

	Page.
Esteban's Manner of Living—Tertulias and Gambling in the Houses of the <i>Grandeza</i> —Esteban's Departure for Cadiz with the Brigade to receive the Infantas of Portugal—Description of Aranjuez—La Mancha—Sierra Morena—Andúzar—Ancient Bostica—Andalusian Women—Cordoba—Ecija—Carmona—Depopulation of Andalusia, and Causes of it—Seville—The Bolero Dance—Xerez—View of Cadiz and the adjacent Country—Valley of Chiclana.....	140—161

CHAPTER IX.

Arrival at Cadiz—The King's Consort—Landing of the Infantas—Their Reception—Pride of Count Miranda, the King's Mayordomo Mayor—Anecdotes of that Nobleman—Departure from Cadiz—Presents to the Queen—State of her Wardrobe—Meeting of Ferdinand and his Queen—Arrival at Madrid, and Marriage—A <i>Gran Gala</i> Day—The Queen's Levee—Her amiable Qualities—Her Taste for the Fine Arts—Extravagance of Ferdinand and the Court—Political Aspect of Affairs in Spain	162—183
---	---------

CHAPTER X.

Affability of the Queen—Anecdote of Chamorro—Ferdinand's Infidelity to his Queen—Her Jealousy—Quarrel between Ferdinand and his Brother Don Carlos—Sacerdon—Amusements there—A Curious Adventure, or Royal Conjugal Happiness—Death of the Queen—Procession to the Escorial—Description of San Lorenzo—Etiquette of the Monks—The Pantheon..	184—201
--	---------

CHAPTER XI.

Page.

Esteban's Departure for Barcelona to receive the Infanta of Naples, Consort of the Infante Don Francisco—Meeting with Father Cirilo, General of the Franciscans—Valencia—The Mayordomo of the Duke de Medinaceli—Establishments of the Spanish Grandees—A Plot discovered, and Death of several Patriots—Ancient Saguntum—Tortosa—Tarragona—The Baron of the Seven Towers—General Don Carlos España's Eccentricities—Description of Barcelona.....	202—223
--	---------

CHAPTER XII.

Esteban's Visit to the Exiles in Montpellier—His Return to Barcelona—The Infanta's Arrival—Return to Madrid—Aspect of the Palace—Anecdote of the Infanta Dona Louisa Carlota's violent Temper—Mysterious Political Affair—Insurrection of the Isla, and Consternation of the Partisans of absolute Power—A Preacher in a small Village near Madrid.....	224—240
---	---------

CHAPTER XIII.

Fermentation in the Capital, and Ferdinand's Consternation—Abisbal and Ballesteros—Double Guard at the Palace—Fears entertained by the King—Forbearance of the People—Ferdinand's Ingratitude towards the Duke de Alagon and his other Favourites—Anecdote—Ferdinand dilatory in performing his Promises—Indignation of the People—Public Oath of the Troops to support the Constitution—New Aspect of Things—The Exiles return to their Homes, and Esteban departs from Valladolid.....	241—260
--	---------

CONTENTS.

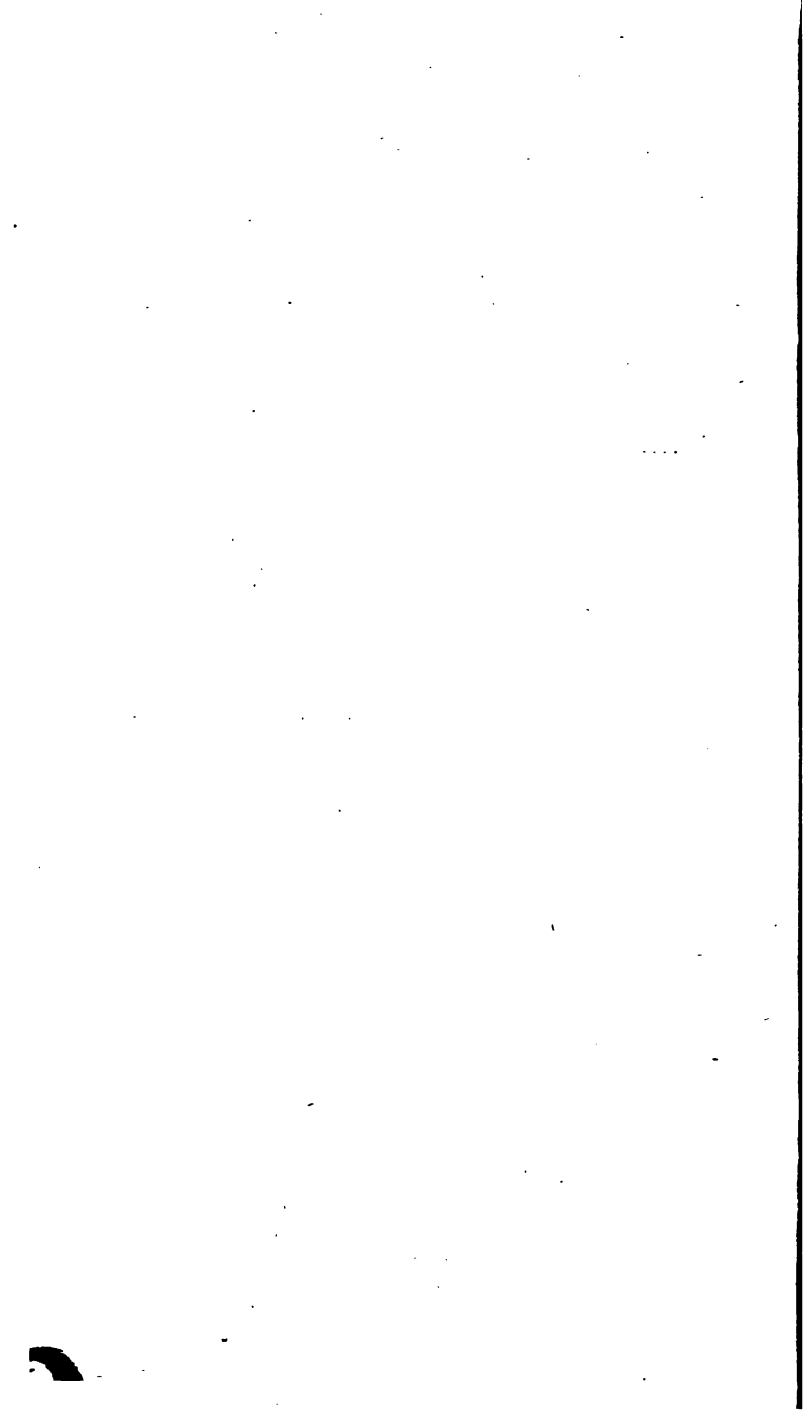
CHAPTER XIV.

Page.

A Pretendiente, and Anton's jokes upon him—Scene at a little Town—Esteban agreeably surprised—The Alcalde and Raymundo—Esteban at Valladolid, and Happiness at meeting his Friends—Fresh Motives for Joy	261—274
--	-----------------------

CHAPTER XV.

Esteban is made Commandant of the Cavalry Squadron stationed at Valladolid—His Public Oath to defend the Constitution—The happy Day of Hymen arrives—Anton's Expressions of Joy—The Bride and Esteban's Friends—Serious Interruption—Esteban parts from Isabella, and goes in pursuit of the Rebel Curate Merino—The Rebels surprised—Don Facundo Torrealva becomes Esteban's Prisoner—Don Lorenzo's Grief—Don Facundo's last Moments—Important Disclosures—Conclusion....	275—292
--	-----------------------



DON ESTEBAN;
OR,
MEMOIRS OF A SPANIARD.

CHAPTER I.

Alas ! poor country ;
Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave ; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy ; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom ? and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken. *Macbeth.*

THE pleasure of once more treading on my native land, was damped by the contrast it offered to rich, gay, animated France. With the exception of the three provinces, the inhabitants of which are naturally too active and industrious to have their energies paralyzed, even by the bane-

ful hand of despotism—all was gloominess and misery. The husbandmen, from whom the king demanded gold, offered him corn; others could not give even this. The master of fertile Spain and golden America was obliged to beg from other nations money to defray his own expenses, as he had neither treasury, fleets, nor armies. The confiscations too, while they showed the illegality and injustice of government, did not diminish the indigence of the throne. The military were without bread, or even clothes; and their only resource now was begging in the public streets, or robbing in the highways. But when I add that the arbiters of our destinies—that Ferdinand's favorites—the men who now composed La Camarilla, to whose dictates the ministry were obliged to bow, were obscure monks, insolent valets, and *moxos de cordel*,* who had never possessed either talent, education, or office, and who brought to

* Porters,—as the notorious Ugarte.

the palace all the prejudices of the cloisters and the fury of the markets—every thing is explained—justice, reason, must fall before such men, and the empire of cupidity, oppression, fanaticism, misery, and desolation, be alone established.

Meantime the King, impatient to punish those who had restored him to the throne of his ancestors, repeatedly ordered the Commissions to hasten the proceedings instituted against the Liberales, and bring their decisions to him. The judges, notwithstanding the private feelings of hatred and revenge, that furnished them with plots and calumnies of every description to bring destruction on their victims, dared not present before the eyes of the world the absurd accusations they had filed against the patriots, and still less to excite the indignation of the people by dealing death to them. This was reserved for the royal hand itself to accomplish. The punishment of those who had been condemned by the commissions to ten years' hard labour,

was changed by the King's own hand-writing into that of death; those who were to be imprisoned for five years, were condemned by his most gracious majesty to ten years' hard labour; those who were to be exiled from the country, were ordered to be immured for life in dungeons; and lastly, those who were to reside in Spain, though banished from the capital, were ordered out of Spain for the remainder of their days! The *presidios* of Ceuta, Peñon de Velez, and others, saw the noble hands of men who had just occupied the throne, who had treated with the nations of Europe, who had employed their talents, virtues, and wealth in setting the King at liberty, and restoring their country to her ancient splendor—loaded with fetters, and condemned to drag the chains of dishonor on the burning shores of Lydia!

Every where throughout my solitary journey, this painful subject preyed on my mind, particularly as nothing occurred to give a different course to my ideas till my arrival at Cigales,

where I had the melancholy pleasure of embracing my mother and sisters; they were literally living among ruins, for the house had not been repaired since it was nearly destroyed by the French. The part they now occupied was that formerly inhabited by the cachican and his family; but as it was now bereft of every comfort, it looked miserable and chilling. Yet the resignation with which Doña Teresa and my young sisters bore this change, made a deep impression on my heart.

“We accommodate ourselves to our situation,” said my mother, “and try to live in as honorable and independent a manner in poverty as we have lived in plenty, though I confess the trial has its difficulties. I have been obliged to give up my carriage, and dismiss even those servants that my old age required, and to whom I was most attached. We were even obliged to part with your poor Anton; but as in this narrow dwelling, we had scarcely the necessaries of life, such steps were indispen-

sable. Yet, as we reduce our expenses to our income, we live independent, and I can say that our own sad condition touches us but feebly in comparison with that of your unfortunate father."

I comforted my unhappy mother as much as I was able, and prevailed on her to abandon the dreary solitude in which she had buried herself, for a small house in Valladolid, that I was fortunate enough to provide. Here the attachment of her remaining children, and the kind attentions of a few faithful friends, restored her gradually to something like serenity, and here, too, I was surprised and delighted by the unexpected arrival of Isabella.

The heavy misfortunes which we had encountered, had not in the least diminished the ardour of my passion for her, nor shaken her affection for me. We had been in open correspondence since my last visit to her, and now she informed me, she intended residing a few months at Valladolid with her aunt, Doña Celestina, who

was now living there, for the Marquis was on a tour to his estates, {to see how far they could be rendered productive, after such a desolating war.

The beauty of Isabella, her rank and fortune attracted to her aunt's a crowd of admirers, but as reasons of prudence obliged me not to show myself much, I was not among the party there ; it was only through my sisters that I could see her. In public while she was surrounded by wooers, I could merely give a distant bow when I happened to meet with her, which she would return in the same style. Often on such occasions, I could not help smiling at observing the effort which she made, the better to conceal her feelings, and how she dropped as awkward a courtesy as any village damsel. She was, indeed, so great a stranger to those arts so successfully practised by some of her own sex, that I was obliged to avoid going where I was sure of meeting with her, for fear she might commit herself. It was,

possessed, and actually turned her with her two daughters into the street!

This was not to be borne passively. I went to the Alcalde's court, and warmly protested against such infamous proceedings. He expressed his sorrow for it, but dared not attempt to oppose them. With equal ill success, I tried every legal means to recover the property; the justice of our claim was universally acknowledged - but our oppressors sheltered themselves under the wing of the Inquisition, and laughed at all our complaints. The affair, however, spread through the town. My mother became the object of general commiseration, and her plundering enemies objects of odium and contempt; but she never recovered the smallest part of what she had lost. To add to her distress, this misfortune befel us, just after she had remitted the greatest part of the rent of this land to my father. She was thus left actually without a penny, and thrown for some months on the

generosity of her friends. In this emergency, as well as in many others, the virtues of my excellent father befriended us, even in his absence. He had chosen his friends well, and in the hour of distress they did not abandon his family. We received from many of them marks of a sincere and warm friendship, but particularly from Don Lorenzo.

The day before that on which we were to leave even the humble abode we then occupied, we received a visit from Isabella and her excellent aunt, who, after expressing the greatest sympathy, begged, and finally prevailed on my mother, to repair to a country house belonging to the latter; where by the most friendly and delicate attentions, they endeavoured to raise her dejected spirits.

A fortnight after this family misfortune, Isabella informed us, that her uncle Don Facundo and his son Don Pasqual were arrived in town. The object of their journey was twofold; the one part was public, it being confidently

whispered that Facundo had been sent by the court to ascertain to what extent liberal ideas had spread in Castille, and devise with the chiefs of the servile party, plans to ensnare the incautious—the other was of a private nature, namely to conclude an alliance between Isabella and Don Pasqual. The day after his arrival he had a long conversation with her, in which the proposal was made, which she modestly yet firmly declined. He then threw out some hints about her passion for me, and as usual insidiously aspersed my character, adding a few threats by way of conclusion. My mind was filled with apprehension at receiving this news. I dreaded the perfidious Don Facundo, who I knew would not stop at any atrocity, however great, to carry his plans into effect; but his departure, which occurred a week after, and the contemptible character of Don Pasqual, who evidently remained behind to pursue his courtship, calmed a little the fears I began to entertain.

One night, a week after Don Facundo's de-

parture, while I was in bed, I heard some noise at the lock of my room door, and rising to ascertain the cause of it, saw a man enter my chamber, with a dark lantern in one hand, and a small rod in the other,—“ Sorry to disturb you,” said he, with an affectation of civility ; “ but as some very urgent business requires your attendance, perhaps you will be kind enough to dress yourself as quickly as possible.”

From the little star on his breast, and the small rod, I immediately knew him to be a familiar of the Inquisition, and that all resistance would be useless. Nevertheless, as the night was dark, and as I was well acquainted with the ground near the house, there was a possibility of escape ; at any rate I determined to try, and watching my opportunity, when he was rather off his guard, I knocked him down, opened the window, and jumped out.

No sooner, however, was I on my legs, than two stout fellows seized me, and held me fast,

till the familiar came out puffing, roaring and foaming,—“ Oh, Oh !” said he, “ you thought, no doubt, that you would give me the slip, eh ? Much to your sorrow, you will always find, that the servants of the Holy Inquisition are not so easily tricked. God watches over our holy proceedings, and such a profane wretch as you will strive in vain to cheat his divine majesty. I serve God and religion, and he directs my steps.”

“ Hold your sacrilegious tongue,” cried I, “ and dare not insult a man who is now in your power.”

“ Go on,” said he to his companions, “ and take care that he does not escape. It is better he should lose his life on the rack and be converted, than be free and forfeit his soul to Satan.”

We were not long before we reached the house of the Viscountess of Valoria, which his Catholic Majesty had piously transformed into a holy tribunal, in consequence of the avenging

flames having destroyed, during the French invasion, the buildings of the Inquisition. I entered the gloomy abode, with feelings not easily to be described. As the night was dark and no lantern lighted my way, I groped along, dragged by a person before me, and pushed on by another behind, and only heard the heavy bolts drawn back to admit us, and closed again as soon as we had passed. I observed, however, that instead of going down into some dungeon, I went up a narrow staircase, and was then led through a long passage, at the end of which a door was opened. I was pushed into a little niche, and the door instantly bolted upon me. In this place, I could neither stand up nor lie down on the ground, there being only room to sit down on a stone in the middle.

In this situation I remained till day-light, which I could perceive through a little crevice at the top of my cage; my mind occupied in forming a thousand conjectures respecting the accusations which would be brought against

me. I had been particular in never uttering a word against church or king. Some young fellows who had been imprudent enough to talk rather freely upon these matters, had disappeared in the night, nobody knew how, though every body suspected the Inquisition to be the place where they were confined. I could not, however, be accused of frequenting their company ; the life which I had led ever since my arrival from France, had been so retired, that except my family and two or three friends, I had not seen my body. I felt conscious of my innocence, and yet I shuddered at the idea of being at the mercy of men, who neither possessed it themselves nor respected it in others.

It is true that the Inquisition was not outwardly so severe as formerly, nor did it give such barbarous exhibitions ; but its half invisible and yet omnipresent power was still alive. Its practice was apparently softened, but not its laws. Immutable in the midst of all the

institutions which till Ferdinand's reign had been gradually undergoing some modifications, by public necessity or public opinion, the Inquisition continued to lay its iron hand upon the enlightened class of society; to plot in its dark recesses the ruin of the most useful citizens, and to dig tombs for them, under the name of dungeons. Deprived of the light of day, breathing for their jailers alone, and sensible of their existence, only because torments, hunger, and anathematizing sermons kept alive in them the feeling of pain or fear, the wretched inmates of those narrow cells were not allowed to hope for repose even in the tomb; for there too, in imagination, the terrific phantom of superstition stretched its avenging arm over them to all eternity.

Then their mode of proceeding was not only most arbitrary, but worthy of the darkest ages, or of the most savage people. Unfettered by forms, and not limited by time, they were at liberty to bring before them whoever was accused of

any delinquency (no matter if it had nothing whatever to do with religion), to drag him from his bed in the middle of the night, to examine him by surprise, to terrify his imagination by threats, to put him to torture, and not unfrequently to smile on his agonies; after which the unhappy sufferer never more heard of his trial, nor was allowed to see any one but his jailer, who would never open his lips to answer his enquiries.

Who would not prefer death to such an imprisonment, which might last as long as the life of the victim? For myself I might now bid an eternal adieu to Isabella, and every member of my family—wretchedness, horror and despair, must be my only companions! This tormenting thought preyed on my mind, and almost drove me to distraction.

CHAPTER II.

Murder 's the game—and to the sport unprest,
Proud of the sin, and in the duty blest,
The layman 's but the blood-bound of the priest.
Whoe'er thou art, that dar'st such themes advance,
To priest-rid Spain repair or slavish France ;
For Judas' hire there do the devil's task,
And trick up slavery in religion's mask.

Prologue to Mahomet.

EARLY in the morning my door was unlocked by a man dressed in a black habit, who, without uttering a word, threw over my head and face a long hood, in the shape of a cone, with two holes in the middle for the eyes. Afterwards he helped me to put on a long tunic, and made signs for me to follow him. We traversed several dark narrow passages, and at last came to a sort of gallery divided into a great many partitions, separated from each other by an iron

lattice. Several of these were occupied by masks, with conic hoods like mine, who by turning their heads towards me, appeared to observe my arrival ; one who seemed to have his hands tied, exclaimed aloud,—“ What ! a new victim ! when will the villains cease their persecutions ? ” and a fellow, who to me appeared a Dominican friar, struck him a blow, which knocked him down. This brutal treatment drew cries of horror and indignation from the rest ; but the presence of our black attendants soon compelled them to remain quiet.

This gallery looked into the chapel of the mansion, which was never opened to the profane. There after being forced to remain on our knees for a length of time, while our attendants were comfortably seated, we heard a long mass, and between its divisions, a much longer sermon, in which the preacher proved most satisfactorily to himself, that God having sent the deluge to drown the wicked, and having destroyed by the flames Sodom and Gomorrah, had given to his creatures an

evident mark of his mercy and tenderness, and likewise a bright example to his holy ministers, how to bring back into the path of righteousness the unfortunate men, whom our tender mother, the Inquisition, had taken under her holy care—“The flames of the faith,” added he, “may now and then consume their unclean bodies; but they purify their souls, and send them up to heaven, without which they would be committed by the God of our holy religion to everlasting damnation.”

After this consoling sermon, we heard the rest of the mass, and I was then led back to my niche. As soon as I was stripped of my hood and gown, I was again locked up. An hour after, I received through a little trap, which opened from the outside, some sort of preserved fruit in a wooden cup, a small piece of bread, and a little water in a horn. I could not taste any of it, for I had no appetite, and there it remained till my attendant came to fetch the cup and horn.

During the day, I was led frequently backwards and forwards, from the cell to the church gallery, where we were compelled to remain on our knees, and to pray aloud, always observing the same ceremonies. Towards night my mute attendant brought me back what he had fetched in the morning. As I had not eaten any thing during the whole day, I spread some of the jam on the bread, and began to eat it, but its nauseously sweet taste disgusted me, and shortly after I was seized with violent spasms. I roared out for assistance, but no one appeared. My sufferings were excruciating for some hours; at last they abated a little, and being extremely faint, I reclined my head against the wall, and fell into a kind of doze; but the most horrid dreams disturbed and prevented me from enjoying any rest.

Next day, as soon as my jailer appeared, I complained of such barbarous treatment; but without making any reply, he threw the hood over my face, tied up the gown, and forced me

to follow him to the chapel, where the same ceremonies as on the preceding day were performed. There was, however, this slight difference, that the mass was a funeral one, said, as the preacher kindly enough informed us,—“in behalf of a soul, which from a colour as black as jet, had been washed as white as snow, by the tender cares of our fathers, the holy inquisitors.”

Our edifying devotions over, I was led back to my cell, where I received the same allowance as the day before. At first I was tempted to thrust it back through the little trap; but it being immediately shut, I had time to consider the matter more leisurely. It now appeared to me that such means of tormenting a wretched being were too atrocious to be made use of, even by the most savage of men, and I attributed the pains I had felt to the state of my stomach, and to long fasting: I therefore ventured to take a very little of the jam on a small

piece of bread, and drank my allowance of water. But alas! I had formed too good an opinion of the humanity of the jailers. I again fell into the same violent pains, and was now convinced that the conserve was mixed with drugs. From that moment I resolved to starve rather than touch any thing.

This same day, I received the visit of a Dominican friar, who came in with downcast looks, and exhorted me, with expressions of affected compassion, to confess my sins. "Friar," said I, "I have nothing to confess. Take away my life now, I desire death."

"My son!" cried he, in a very humble manner, "I do not want thy life, I come to comfort thee, and to reconcile thee to the God whom thou hast offended. These little sufferings will, no doubt, tend to soften thy obdurate heart, and bring thee back to the path of holiness. Thank thy deliverers, and call them not thy oppressors."

“ Away ! I am not the dupe of your words,” cried I, indignantly, “ leave me, and cease to insult your victim.”

“ I see,” said he, in a less mild tone, “ that nothing but castigations will convert the profane ones of our perverted age. So much the worse for thee, my son ; God be with thee !” Hethen relieved me from his detested presence.

On the next day, soon after mass, I was conducted to a spacious hall, hung round with green tapestry, at the end of which, and facing the door, was a sort of throne, under a canopy of green velvet. The arms of the Inquisition were embroidered in gold in the centre. Several seats were placed on each side of the principal chair, and before them a long table covered with a green cloth. On it stood a crucifix, some ink-stands, various papers, and several green wax candles burning. Near the roof were some small openings, but which hardly admitted any light. When I entered this gloomy place, the principal seat was already occupied by the chief

Inquisitor, dressed in his black robes, with blue cuffs and collars, and crosses and decorations on his breast. His secretary, a priest blacker than a mole, was seated on a chair at the end of the table. I was now ordered to stand in front of my judge, and after a dead silence of some minutes, he asked, if I would speak the truth on every question which would be put to me. I replied, that never having had any thing to fear from the truth, he might be certain I would not conceal it now, when I had every thing to hope from it.—“Then,” said he, “declare the crime for which you have been arrested.”

I replied that I was quite ignorant of it, and begged his most illustrious Reverence to have the goodness to inform me.—“Sir,” replied the Inquisitor, sternly, “that is not our practice. You are now in an ecclesiastical court, and it is incumbent on you to declare the cause of your imprisonment. I therefore exhort you to discover it immediately, as it is the only means by which you can regain your liberty.”

I repeated that it was impossible for me to discover a cause of which I was totally ignorant.

“Useless prevarication,” cried he, vehemently: “accuse yourself this moment, and cease your obstinacy!”

Unable to get any other answer from me, he rung the little silver bell that stood before him, and on my attendant entering, ordered him to take me back to my cell, and desired me to be prepared for another examination.

This took place on the following day at the same hour, but with the difference that all the Inquisitors were in attendance, and a few more tapers lighted, to make this terrific tribunal more visible. Having stood where I was ordered, the chief Inquisitor said, that since I had most obstinately persisted on the previous day to deny any knowledge of my crime, he should put me to day on my oath, and I must take the consequences.

He then ordered the secretary Inquisitor to

take my oath upon the Gospels. This done, he again asked,—“Do you know why you have been imprisoned in the Inquisition?”

“No.”

“You do not pretend to say that you have done nothing which should call for our interference?”

“I do not know in what this tribunal may think proper to interfere, but this I can affirm boldly,—I have never offended religion, morals, or the laws of my country.”

“Remember your oath,” cried the Inquisitor, “and beware how you profane these sacred walls.”

“I have not forgotten it,” replied I, calmly, “and I repeat my assertion.”

“Young man,” cried he again, “this is not a court martial; we are the holy ministers of the Most High; we personify him; and this is the tribunal where his divine will is every day announced. Respect it then—say with sincerity—dost thou believe in our holy religion?”

“If you personify the Deity, and announce his divine will,” said I, “you surely can read the heart of a simple mortal. It would be doubting your power to answer that question.”

“This is a question of pure form,” replied the Inquisitor, “for certainly there is no thought, however hidden, which we do not know.”

“Why question me then, if you know it all?”

“To give you an opportunity of confessing your sins, that you may be absolved, and forgiven—now answer me,” added he, fixing his eyes on me,—“do you know one Doña Isabella Torrealva?”

“Yes,” said I eagerly; “what of her?”

“Did you not write her the following letter?”

“My beloved Isabella—How will you bear the sad news I am about to tell you! My good father has been sentenced to death by King Ferdinand! by him who owes his restoration to the throne which he had abdicated, to the efforts

of those, who, like Don Ignacio, had sacrificed to him their fortunes, their repose, and the lives of their children! My father, my unfortunate father, must, at a moment when he ought to receive the reward of his patriotism, fly from the country which he has been instrumental in saving! He must abandon wife, children, friends, all, to escape the mad fury of a fanatic, who has just restored that tribunal of horror and blood, the bane and disgrace of our country; who has annihilated liberty, and covered the land anew with mourning and tears! And we too, my Isabella, must be still further separated. I must accompany Don Ignacio in his exile, for no one else can go to sooth and comfort him. Adieu! and remember that whatever land I tread, the recollection of your tenderness will be my greatest comfort and support. Let the hope of our meeting soon, cheer and console thee. The justice of heaven cannot permit this oppression to last long.—Once more, adieu!”

I remained petrified at seeing this letter in

their hands. How came they by it? But I had notime to ponder, and as any attempt to justify or palliate would have been utterly vain, nothing could be done but to prepare nerve, mind and body, for my approaching agonies. I therefore replied, that such a letter was certainly mine; and moreover, that I thought all which I had said in it, and had no hesitation in avowing it as long as we were so unjustly persecuted.

“Darest thou brave the anger of heaven, thou wretch?” cried the chief Inquisitor,—“Tremble for thy life, thou hast offended God, and our beloved monarch; fear our justice.”

“I fear nothing,” cried I, “not even death, when I have done nothing to deserve it. If I have uttered in confidence, and in the bitterness of disappointment, complaints the justice of which not even yourselves can deny, who shall blame me for it? Have not the services of my family been rewarded with a sentence of death, banishment, and confiscation? Have I not suffered patiently all these oppressions without

having once publicly expressed my wounded feelings ! What then is my crime ?”

“ Your crime ?” exclaimed the inquisitor ;
“ canst thou ask that, when thou art impious enough to call by the name of a tribunal of horror and blood this holy tribunal of the Faith ?—and our pious and beloved king, a fanatic ? All your blood will not be sufficient to atone for such a monstrous crime.”

“ My blood !” exclaimed I, “ it has flowed for my country. Take the little that remains in my veins ; I will not even grudge you that, rather than sacrifice the truth and justice of our cause.”

“ Since thou confessest thy guilt, tremble for thy soul,” cried another inquisitor, whom I immediately recognized to be one of the priests who had robbed my mother of her estate—
“ What, infamous villain,” cried I, bursting with indignation, “ darest thou talk of a soul ?—thou who hast one to save blacker than that of Satan himself ?”

“To the rack with him,” exclaimed he, with a furious look; and grasping the silver bell, he rang it violently.

“To the rack!” was echoed all over the hall.

At the cries of “rack” some of the familiars entered, and seizing me, almost dragged me down a narrow stair case to a subterraneous chamber, where the feeble glimmerings of a lamp scattered light enough to add to the horrors of such a place. Various instruments of torture decorated its damp walls; while in the middle of the room stood a burning brazier, a pendulum, a pully, and a rake. Immediately the holy myrmidons began to strip me of my clothes with as much eagerness as any tiger would tear to pieces the unhappy victim on which he had just sprung. This done, I was stretched on a frame, large enough to admit my body, and which, besides the two bars that formed the extremities, had another in the centre convexly raised. My head and feet passed under

the bars of the extremities, whilst my back bone rested on the middle bar, so that my stomach being much higher than my head and feet, respiration was extremely difficult, and the position itself extremely painful. In this posture the chief inquisitor, who with the rest had followed me to this chamber, and taken his seat on a little stage raised about three feet from the ground, asked me, if I would be converted to our holy religion, and acknowledge the justice of the proceedings of our beloved monarch. I replied, that all the torments of the Inquisition would never force from me the acknowledgment of a falsehood so palpable. "Then," said he, "let the torment begin; but we protest that in case of injury, rupture of vessels, or even death, the fault can be imputed only to yourself."

Immediately I felt some drops of water from the top of the chamber upon my chest. During the first ten or twelve minutes the pain was not great, but as the operation was prolonged, it

became excruciating. By the sensation, it seemed as if a boring instrument was applied to my chest. From time to time, they asked if I would be converted to religion.

“Go on, monsters,” cried I, “the religion of the Inquisition I abhor: all your tortures shall never convert me to it.”

At length a blood vessel burst, and, the blood flowing profusely through my mouth and nostrils, I fainted.

On recovering my senses, I found myself alone, stretched on a straw mattress, where I lay suffering wretchedly from the effects of the torture, till the surgeon of the Inquisition entered. I fancied the countenance was familiar to me, but unable to speak, I eagerly looked at him. He caught my look, and whispered to me, “Do you not know me?” At these words I discovered the surgeon of our family, a man who was under important obligations to Don Ignacio, and who had the singular faculty of remember-

ing them when we were in misfortune. My surprise and joy were extreme, but I was unable to give any other mark of them, than that of pressing his hand.

In him I found what I despaired to find in a place where every feeling of compassion was a crime against God and the Throne. Moved at my sufferings, he bestowed the most tender care, and six weeks sufficed to bring me to a tolerably good state of health. But, afraid they might recommence their operations if they knew of it, he affirmed, during a whole month longer, that there would be a great danger in removing me to my former cell ; and I continued in the same place, visited by him. Although we were not allowed to converse together on any other subject than the one regarding the state of my health, yet the presence of a man possessing talent and address, and willing to serve me, inspired me with the hope that my captivity would soon terminate. He often succeeded in putting

into my hand little strips of paper, but as there was scarce any light, I could neither read them nor answer them.

One day when I was as usual reclining on a bundle of straw that served me as a pillow, my attendant opened the door of my room, and by his signs, requested me to rise and follow him: I did so with great difficulty, as my limbs were through weakness and want of exercise, in a palsied state. After traversing several dark passages, I again entered the terrific hall. Imagining that this new interrogatory would be followed by new torments, I prepared for the worst, and was determined to expire on the rack, rather than give them an opportunity of triumphing over my weakness. I therefore advanced boldly towards the middle of the hall; and stood still in face of the Inquisitors.

The Grand Inquisitor then addressed me thus,—“This tribunal has resolved to give up your person to the temporal power. Public justice loudly calls for your punishment; a

public example will deter other conspirators from plotting against our beloved monarch. Your accomplices have betrayed the secret. Your death is now irrevocable. The laws must be executed—Our tender corrections are only remedies for the soul. We are intrusted with the care and salvation of sinners, and wicked infidels. Our duty is to bring them to the path of righteousness by gentle castigations,—the only remedies for the perverted men of our age. As your situation is becoming every day more awful, I earnestly exhort you, in the name of our kind mother the Inquisition, to reflect seriously on the fate which awaits you. You have but a few days to live—your crimes are enormous—you have a soul to save—and you are about to appear before the terrible tribunal of God.”

This eloquent address being ended, two Dominican friars, who were then in the hall, came up to me, each with a crucifix in his hand, and endeavoured by the most discordant and stun-

ning cries to convert me, as they said, to religion. I listened patiently, though I suffered as much as if I had been on the rack, while they showed their malignity in a thousand little ways, always covering it with the mask of kindness. They pretended to give me their crucifix to kiss, but it was only to strike me with it, and in the violent agitations into which they threw themselves, they pinched my arms, and even went so far as to spit in my face, making it appear as an act of earnest kindness. Upon the whole, those worthy satellites faithfully performed the duties assigned to them. Before I retired from the sacred hall, the Chief Inquisitor warned me how I spoke of what I had heard, felt, or seen within these walls—"For," added he, "deceive yourself, if you imagine that we shall not get acquainted even with the remotest insinuation."

On being re-conducted to my cell, I began to reflect on what I had just heard from the Inquisitor, and to form a thousand conjectures on

the new crime of which I had been accused, but could not light on any probable one; still I thought that once removed from that detested place, my condition would evidently be improved, were it even at the expense of my life.

CHAPTER III.

Yes, 'tis the pulse of life! my fears were vain!
I wake, I breathe, and am myself again,
till in this nether world!

ROGERS.

TOWARDS midnight my mute attendant entered the room, and made signs for me to rise, and follow him. I obeyed, and having descended a narrow staircase, quite in the dark, I felt my arms seized, and two men dragged me through a long dark passage till we came into an open court, and afterwards into the street.

Had I then entirely gained my liberty, I could not have felt happier. The refreshing air of the night, the beautiful serenity of the sky, and the sight of those brilliant orbs of light, which adorn and illuminate the firmament,

all which I had despaired of seeing again, made my heart beat with joy ; and for a while I forgot that my arms were still tied, and that another dungeon was preparing for me.

After half an hour's walk, which infused new life into me, we entered the Chancery prison, where criminals under sentence of death are confined. I was given in charge by my conductors to the jailer, who took me to a dungeon where the air was extremely confined and damp, and where I was loaded with fetters and chains. All this was very mysterious to me, but it was soon explained.

Early on the morning of the following day, I heard the bolts and irons of the door removed, and saw four figures resembling spectres run wildly to me, and, throwing their arms round my fettered body, they bathed me with their tears—their sighs and sobs interrupting their voices. At first I was startled ; but what was my surprise and delight on recognizing my mother, my two sisters, and my Isabella ! “Heavens !” ex-

claimed I, "is it you I see? How came you here? To whom do I owe this happiness?"

"To her," cried my mother, pointing to Isabella—"to her you owe your life—through her will the chains which bind you be knocked off."

I wished to clasp her in my arms, but they were chained! She threw her's around my neck. This was too much for me—I was overcome, and fell senseless on the ground.

On recovering, I found myself seated on a chair, my limbs unfettered, and surrounded by all that was dear to me. I leapt from the chair, and alternately inclosed in my arms treasures so precious to me, till extreme joy, weakness, and fatigue, made me again sink back. Towards evening I was taken home, put into a warm bed, and left to repose. For the next two or three days I continued in bed, attended by those who tenderly loved me, and who by incessant care soon brought me to a tolerable state of health. I was, however, all anxiety to know

what had happened since my arrest, and my good mother gratified my curiosity in the following words:—

“ A few hours after you were arrested, the servant called us up to say, there was a man at the door who professed to have very important news to communicate. Afraid it might be some ruffian, who had given that as a pretext to introduce himself into the house, I told the girl not to open the door nor go near him. He, however, continued to knock so repeatedly, that I sent her back to ask his name. I found it was Domingo, your father’s former servant, who, on being introduced to me, informed me, with tears in his eyes, that since the time he had been obliged to leave your father on account of our misfortunes, ‘ which,’ said he, ‘ had I been able to prevent, by the sacrifice of my life, I would willingly have done so, I was obliged, for support, to accept the offer which was made me by a canon, of the situation of familiar to the Holy Office; but had I known what sort of

business it was, I assure you, Madam, I would sooner have starved than accepted it; but these,' added he, 'are troubles which only concern myself;—to come to the point—Having only very lately learnt that a great man, whose name I know not, has been with the Inquisitors, and that in consequence of some writings of my young master against religion and the king, he was to be arrested, I thought I had no time to lose, and that it was better to disturb you than your son should suffer; for I know how prompt they are in executing those matters.'

"I expressed my gratitude to him, and directed the girl to go and call you up; but she soon returned with the melancholy tidings of meeting with you nowhere, and of having found both the window and the door open, and all your drawers in disorder. It is impossible for me to describe your sisters' affliction and mine. Early next day, I sent a message to Isabella, who came to me immediately, and heard the fatal news with the utmost anguish. On her

return home, she found that some of your letters had actually disappeared ; but could not discover who had taken them.

“ While we were forming a thousand plans for your deliverance, none of which could be carried into execution, Don Lucas, surgeon to the Inquisition, informed us of the deplorable condition to which the cruelty of those barbarians had reduced you ; but his humanity, his attachment to us, and his promise that he would do all he could, not only to protect you against fresh torments, but ultimately to work your deliverance from the Inquisition, softened a little our grief. At last he imparted to us a plan which he had thought of, and which with proper means might easily be carried into effect. He had been informed, that the secret commission for trying alleged political offences was engaged upon a trial of some young officers, who were accused of conspiring against the government of Ferdinand, to re-establish the Constitution. The judges had promised liberty

to the one who would disclose the chief conspirator, and Don Lucas thought, that if it were possible to gain one of the judges, whom he knew to be an intimate friend of the Chief Inquisitor, and then that he should find means to implicate you in the conspiracy, your deliverance could afterwards be completed.

“ This plan was too good to be left untried. Don Lucas was acquainted with the father of one of the officers, who, anxious to see his son out of the hands of these commissioners, was willing to make any pecuniary sacrifice to obtain that object. It was agreed between them, that the latter should pay a visit to the judge, and try whether his devotion to Ferdinand was stronger than his love of gold. He soon ascertained the contrary, but the price he put on his services was so great, that had it not been for the affectionate and generous Isabella, who immediately gave up her jewels to obtain that object, it is probable we should have still been mourning for you. This man demanded

three thousand dollars for each, and would take no steps until he had the money in his pocket. As soon, however, as he had it, he fulfilled his promise. He first procured liberty to the said gentleman's son, by directing him to declare you head conspirator, and then making use of this declaration to have you transferred from the Inquisition to the civil prison, he disposed matters so, that on the following day, it should clearly appear that you had been falsely implicated. Immediate orders were then given for your complete discharge, and here you find yourself again in the bosom of your friends."

My good mother having thus ended her narrative, I folded her in my arms, and turning to my beloved Isabella, I embraced her again and again, calling her by every fond name which love and gratitude could suggest.

Two days after, and while I was alone with Isabella, my mother and sisters having just gone out, there was a knock at the door, and the maid said, that our old servant Domingo

wished very much to speak to me.—“Domingo!”—said Isabella with a faltering voice, and turning as pale as death.

Domingo entered hastily, “I am sorry, my dear young master,” said he, “to be always the bearer of bad news; but this once at least I hope I am in time to save you; I have learned positively that the Inquisitors have issued orders for your arrest this very night at twelve o’clock. Not a moment must be lost, you must fly instantly, as it may even now be too late.”

The very name of the Inquisition seemed to freeze my blood. A cold sweat came over me, and for a few minutes I was insensible to every thing but an indefinable feeling of horror.

When I recovered, I found my own Isabella kneeling by my side, one of my hands clasped in hers, her eyes fixed on me, while large tears stole unconsciously down her pale cheek, and her countenance expressed all the agony of suspense. As soon as I opened my eyes, she rose, and throwing her arms round my neck,

burst into a torrent of tears. With the most affecting tenderness she gazed on me for a moment ; then, suddenly making a violent effort to command her grief, she exclaimed, grasping my hand ;—" Fly, my beloved Esteban, fly instantly, your life is not safe here a moment."

Her distress recalled me to myself:—" Fly !" exclaimed I, "and leave you exposed to the machinations of those monsters, who would not even spare your sex ; and my mother and sisters unprotected and without support ? No, never."

" Your mother and sisters," cried she, " shall not want support. They shall share my fortune, and my uncle's. Are they not mine ? Do not fear for me ; I shall, if necessary, find safety in a convent ; but I beseech you fly,—spare me the grief of hearing you are dead, or enduring a life a thousand times worse than death."

I remained silent ; I felt my heart dreadfully oppressed.

" Are you still inflexible ?" asked Isabella.

"Can you refuse to listen to me? By remaining here you not only expose your own life, but mine, my aunt's, and your generous friends. We have all contributed to your escape."

Her voice trembled with an emotion she could not repress.—"For my sake," exclaimed she clasping her hands in uncontrollable agony.

I was at last roused from that sort of insensibility, which had taken possession of my faculties.—"Adieu, then," cried I, unable to utter one syllable more, and with one convulsive embrace, we tore ourselves apart. The door closed, and I was again separated from a being whom I had so much reason to love.

I did not wait the return of my mother and sisters. I wished to spare myself a second trial, under which my fortitude would probably have sunk. As I had no passport, and as nobody could pass the city gates without it, I was obliged to creep under the grated arch of a small bridge, situated in a remote and unfrequented part of the Prado de la Magdalena.

When I found myself fairly in the open country, I began to consider whither I should direct my steps. France was the asylum that first presented itself to my mind, and where I knew I should meet sympathizing hearts ; but on examining the contents of my purse, I found that impossible ; for they would hardly suffice to carry me to Burgos, much less to the frontiers of France. At last after much pondering, a plan occurred to me, accompanied with some danger, but which, if realized according to my wishes, would eventually shelter me from any future persecutions of the Inquisition.

I remembered that Father Martinez, who before the war of Independence had lived at Valladolid in the convent of La Merced, (of which he was monk) was the king's preacher, and member of the Supreme Tribunal of the Faith. He had been very fond of me in my childhood, and used to regale me with all sorts of sweetmeats, when I went to see him in his cell. I determined, therefore, to set off for

Madrid, present myself to him, give him an account of our sufferings, and demand his protection. I knew there was much hazard in this, as he was now no longer a jolly monk, glad to be honored with the visits of Don Ignacio's sons, but a great man and a courtier, who might not be pleased to have former times recalled to mind. However, I was resolved to make the trial; for even if it did not succeed, I could not be worse off than I was.

I will not describe the misery I suffered during a tedious journey. Destitute of every thing, without money to pay for a night's lodging—and often refused admittance even to a stable; many a night have I wandered about in the mountains, seeking for some hole where to rest my exhausted limbs; and many a day have I passed with nothing but a few water cresses, or some wild fruit. Yet I felt a degree of happiness in breathing the mountain air, in catching the first rays of the rising sun, or watching it set in a blaze of glory, gilding the

top of some rugged mountain, or in gazing on the foaming waterfall as it boldly dashed over its craggy precipices.—I was now free, and that thought alone softened all the hardships I endured. What a contrast between these sublime scenes, and the horrors of the Inquisition—between nature in all its wild luxuriant beauty, and the gloomy and insolent faces of inquisitors, hypocritical monks, dark cells, racks, dungeons, and chains! Often when wearied with fatigue, and stretched on the beaten ground, with hardly strength to raise my head, would I look back to the days of misery I had spent there, and start up with new vigour to proceed on my journey. Oh, liberty! none know thy charms, but the innocent man, who has worn chains for the love of thee!

At last I reached Madrid, and without loss of time went to Father Martinez's house.—“His Paternity,” said the porter, eyeing me from head to foot, and without rising from the arm chair in which he sat *nonchalamment*,

“cannot see you now; besides he is always so busy, I could never presume to intrude you upon him.”

The look cast by the fellow on my dress, which the journey had somewhat discomposed, explained the reason of his insolence, and as unfortunately I had brought nothing with me but what I had on, I saw little chance of ever seeing his Paternity, unless I received an intimation from him. Having, therefore, written to him, requesting the favour of an audience whenever his important occupations should allow it, I determined to wait till his reverence should appoint his own time. Next day, I was most agreeably surprised by my receiving the petition back with the words,—“to-morrow, at twelve,” written on the margin. When the hour came I hastened to the mansion. In the hall I met my friend the porter, who, not knowing I came there by appointment, said in his wonted impertinent tone,—“’tis useless your coming here; my master will not see you, and much

less now when he is saying his matins, before the discipline hour comes."

I then told him in the most polite manner I could command, that I should never have presumed, particularly after what he himself had insinuated yesterday, to trouble his Paternity, were it not by an express appointment; and drawing out of my pocket my memorial, showed him his master's hand writing.—"That is a manner of begging audiences, of which we do not approve here," said he, rising slowly from his chair: "however," added he, "I will do you a favour, and tell the Señor Secretary's lacquey you are here."

While he was gone to do me this favour, a poor devil, who was in a corner of the hall waiting to deliver a memorial to the great man, entered into conversation with me.—"I perceive," said he, "that you are a novice at court, and not at all accustomed to wait on great men. You seemed mortified at the insolence of the porter, whom I was surprised to see all placidity and compla-

cency with you. I have now been kicking my heels about this place for these three weeks past, and have not yet got an inch beyond this corner, nor do I yet expect to be introduced to his Paternity's presence very soon, although we have been great cronies together. I'll tell you in confidence our history, provided you whisper in his Paternity's ear, that Señor Hurgon wishes to speak to him."

"This good monk," continued he, "now the king's preacher, and the greatest man among the great, was never fond of the choir or seclusion, but rather of show and bustle; and as he had not been gifted by heaven with sufficient talent or money to write theological or canonical works, he turned politician, and began writing pamphlets and satires, and to libel right and left whoever was opposed to his party. He employed me in making fair copies of his writings, and sometimes in listening to the conversations kept up by the different groups of people on the public places,—which were always sure to see

the light in his periodical, and even in some sermons preached by his reverence. People, however, soon smelt the musk, and those who carried it about them ; and for the sake of peace, we were obliged to change our quarters, and go elsewhere to direct public opinion.

“ The next place to which we went was occupied by the French ; but Father Martinez, I don't know how the deuce he managed, in a few days obtained the editorship of a gazette in favour of the French, in which he dressed out the patriots and the king, at that time a prisoner in France, in their holiday clothes. As I was still under his auspices, I thrived admirably now ; occasionally assisting him in some very delicate commissions connected with the police. Upon the whole during that period, I assure you, we did very well, only that it did not last long ; for the French leaving Spain by compulsion, we made our bow to them, and came to Madrid to see what aspect things might assume here.

“ As soon as the king came back, accompa-

ried by his advisers, my reverend protector lost no time in presenting himself to them, and offering his pen and his lungs to lash the fallen mighty ones, be they of what party they might. He wrote a whole book, which he gave me to copy, crammed with abuse and calumnies, which I assure you, surprised even me. From that moment, honors and hard dollars began to shower down upon his holy habit. Father Martinez then set up a carriage. I, too, was able to raise myself a little higher than I had hitherto stood; and with what he gave to my wife, and what I was able to add, I got a new cloak and a coat made at the expense of the runaways. At last we both made ourselves so conspicuous, that nothing was now spoken of but Father Martinez and Señor Hurgon. He soon succeeded in getting where he now stands, and I, in being kicked out of his service, because, forsooth! I served him too well, and was too knowing! But such is the world, and I am

afraid that, unless my services are again wanted, I run no chance of dying of an apoplexy.'

While he was yet speaking, a lady entered the hall, and asked the porter, who immediately got up, if his Paternity was at home. He made her a low bow, and said, smilingly, he was just finishing his discipline, and doubted not but that he would see her shortly. At these words another lady, rather handsome, made her appearance, evidently coming from Father Martinez's apartments. "There goes," said Hurgon to me, "the saint of his devotion; but," added he, striking his forehead with his hand, "she may perhaps answer my purpose. Good morning, and success to you." Saying this he walked on his tip toe towards her, bowing repeatedly, and softening his stern features into a smile.

Having now waited a full hour, and seeing one lady come out, I fully expected that his prayers and discipline were over, and I should

be very soon introduced to him ; but in this I was disappointed, for Father Martinez was too gallant a man to suffer any lady to wait. I was therefore obliged to cool my heels till half past three, when his Paternity's dinner hour having arrived he could not see me till twelve the following day.

After various other teasing delays, insupportable for a petitioner like me, whose life was in jeopardy, I was at last admitted to his study, where I found the father seated at a bureau, before a heap of papers, some of which seemed from their musty colour not to have seen daylight for many years, and mortifying himself with a large cup of chocolate, and a plate full of cakes. As I entered, he cast a rapid glance at me, and replacing his eyes on his chocolate cup, "Are you," said he, "still within the pale of the church, and have you not abjured our holy religion for those horrible maxims of the philosophers?"

"Most reverend father," replied I, a little

surprised at this introductory question, "you know Don Ignacio Lara—his piety and morality—his true devotion and religion, and you know also the education he gave his children. Whatever be his misfortunes, I hope you will do him the justice to believe that his children are incapable of departing from those principles which he instilled into their minds ; and moreover, I hope, that notwithstanding the unjust persecutions raised against his ill-fated family, you will extend a protecting hand over the remaining few who have not yet shared his exile. I come expressly from Valladolid to crave it ; for I in particular am marked out by some secret enemy as the object of his horrid machinations ; and I trust that the fondness you showed for me in my infancy is not yet entirely obliterated."

I then made a faithful recital of my sufferings, at which he appeared greatly astonished.—
" Strange !" exclaimed he, " I should have

heard nothing of this before. I feel for you, Esteban ; but rely on my protection, and fear no longer the Inquisition. I'll set that matter at rest this very day. The Inquisitor-General is my friend, and a letter to him from me will do it. But," added he, " we must see what else we can do for thee. Come again to-morrow ; by that time I may have thought of something to your advantage. All I shall request of you in return is passive obedience, and love to the throne and the altar."

Saying this, he gave a nod, and I retired, after warmly expressing my gratitude. Next day I found the porter more civil, and I was introduced to Father Martinez as soon as I entered the hall. " I have done something for you," said he ; " you will be admitted into the king's body guard ; for only last night I spoke to the Duke de Alagon, captain of the guards, and settled it. Two thousand dollars properly applied will procure you your complete security,

and an honourable career. Try and get that sum immediately, and bring it to me, that I may distribute it in the necessary presents."

There was in this plan some almost insurmountable difficulties. First, it was highly repugnant to my feelings to enter the service of a despot, the author of all our miseries; and secondly, how should I, who had barely enough to exist, be able to pay down two thousand dollars for presents, while most likely I must spend a thousand more in equipment and other expences? Yet if Father Martinez's plan was rejected, nothing was more probable than that I should forfeit his protection, and be again exposed to all from which I had just escaped. Besides, he had already taken some steps from which he could not consistently recede. In this uncertainty a thought struck me that decided me in following it up. By the nature of my duties I should frequently be near the king's person. "Who knows," thought I, "but I

may find an opportunity of obtaining Don Ignacio's return to his country?" This was too flattering a temptation for me not to yield to it.

I immediately wrote home, apprizing them of my journey, as well as of the protection I had met from the king's preacher, and requesting all their efforts to procure for me from our friends the sum of two thousand dollars for the above express purpose. By return of post I received a letter from the Marquis, who fortunately happened to be at Valladolid, containing a bill of exchange for three thousand dollars. I was overcome by this act of his generosity, which, alas! I, too soon, found an opportunity of repaying by the most important but cruel news.

As soon as I received the money, I took the two thousand dollars to Father Martinez, who seemed delighted with my expedition, and curious to know how I had procured them. I informed him that I was indebted for them to Don Lorenzo Torrealva, Marquis of Moncayo.

"Don Lorenzo Torrealva !" exclaimed he, "that is Don Facundo's brother."

"Yes, most reverend Father," cried I. He remained silent a short time, smoothing his eyebrows with his hand. At last, "Well," continued he, "I will make you a confidant, as a proof how much I value and esteem you. Last night the Marquis's brother, Don Facundo, obtained from the king an order for the arrest and removal of Don Lorenzo to the castle of San Anton, in La Coruna, and a transfer of his title and estates to himself. There was a time when I was much united to Don Facundo, but since my nomination to the post I fill, he has become my bitterest enemy, and has repeatedly tried to deprive me of the confidence I enjoy with my sovereign. Make a prudent use of this information, and come to-morrow, that I may present you to the Duke de Alagon."

CHAPTER IV.

Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames, abound,
Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye.

Then to the crowded circus forth they fare,
Young, old, high, low, at once the same diversion share.

Childe Harold

ANXIOUS to save our generous friend and protector, Don Lorenzo, I immediately wrote informing him of the evils that threatened him, and urging his immediate departure to a foreign country, as nothing else could save him from being cast into a dungeon.

On the following day I repaired again to Father Martinez's house. The Duke de Alagon, as captain of the guards, had his apartments in the Palace, near those of the King, of whom he was the great favourite. This grandee, who, grown old at court, was the very pink of politeness, received

me in the most flattering manner. His Excellency was pleased to find my person such as suited the brilliant corps in which I was about to enter, and the service of the great monarch, whose sacred person I should often have the honor to guard. "I should only hope," added he, "that you can prove the purity of your ancestry to the fourth generation."

"As to the nobility of his family," said Father Martinez, "I can guarantee it."

"That, however, is not of my cognizance," said the Duke, "Don Esteban must go to the Fiscal del Cuerpo,^a who will examine his *executorias*.^b"

Having made our bow to the Duke and retired, Father Martinez condescended to accompany me to the Fiscal's house, to give his testimony, and save me the time of sending home for Don Ignacio's *executorias*; but his Señoria

^a The Attorney General of the body guards, who is no less a personage than a Counsellor of State.

^b Letters patent of nobility.

the Fiscal said, he had very strict orders from his Majesty on this point, and was grieved that he could not comply with his Paternity's pleasure. So that I was obliged to wait till those papers were sent to me before I could take any further steps.

Meanwhile I amused myself in visiting this Capital of the Spains, as it is called, which I found the finest city I had yet seen.

The promenades of Madrid, which are very well attended, present, as they do every where else in Spain, a motley crowd of officers in their regimentals, gentlemen wrapt up in their cloaks, clergymen with their black cassocks and broad brimmed hats, young ladies with white veils and showy fans, old matrons with black mantillas and demure looks, young men in all the extravagance of fashion, water-carriers keeping up a constant gingling with their glasses, cleaning them with the utmost promptitude, and vociferating their iced drinks, and running backwards and forwards, and with their usual good na-

tured waggery and arch smiles, dealing out compliments to the ladies, in which the expressions of my soul, my heart, &c. are not spared, and which, far from displeasing even the most modest or proud, are the most infallible means of gaining their custom. The orange-men, filbert-men, fire-men, &c. unite their cries to those of the water-men, and bustle about with equal rapidity and knowing look; while parties of ladies with their *cortejos* by their side, occupy the stone seats that are placed in the walks, and are busy in passing their remarks on the originals or their copies, who happen to pass by; sometimes carrying on an animated conversation in whispers, and at others enjoying more noisily the sarcastic observations of the wits.

Towards evening, the *manolas*, who wear the same costume as our most illustrious ladies, and who frequently are more favored by nature, repair to these promenades, after the labours of the day, to enjoy the cool breeze, and flirt with

the officers and gentlemen who throng the avenues. Of these women, I observed one possessing great personal attractions, and the most graceful movements, particularly in the play of the fan, which seemed to dispute with her dark sparkling eyes the merit of conveying the meaning of a thousand tongues. She attracted general admiration, and was followed by a most numerous retinue. Now the intelligent beckon of her head, artfully accompanied by the sudden arrangement of a pleat in her mantilla, encouraged in his pursuit one of her most ardent admirers, whose hopes she raised still higher by the twirl she gave to her fan. Who did not see him, elated with his success, cast a look of contempt around him?—but lo! instead of the quick tremulous motion to call him nearer which ought to have followed the nod and the twirl, the fan displayed itself to his astonished eyes in the most provokingly slow motion, the formal inclination of which, by dismissing him entirely, made him instantly fall back into his pristine in-

significance. But now the fan screened a smile, and presently gave a waving motion ; it greeted a distant dear object. The fan remained open for a little while, but he did not seem to approach. The twirls now became more frequent but he did not appear. The impatient fingers then began to display and close the folds of the fan with astonishing rapidity betraying the anxiety of her mind, and after a short walk, during which the fan's motions varied materially, expressing by turns doubt, hope, and joy, it fell gently on the shoulders of a *majo*, who seemed a little absent, or who wished to appear so, and with whom the *manola* walked away, thus putting an end to the interesting conversation she had been carrying on, and to the hopes and fears her fan had so capriciously raised.

Soon after, the *toque a las oraciones*, or slow ringing of bells for the evening prayers, was heard, and instantly the busy hum of the crowd, their footsteps, those of the horses, the rolling

of carriages, the cries of the venders, all ceased, as if by the sudden influence of a magic wand. The hats of the gentlemen were all off at the same instant, and the fans of the ladies were devoutly inclined, and their eyes turned towards the ground; and for about two minutes each inwardly uttered a short prayer. The sign of the cross made on the breast, closed this deep silence,—which was rendered still more impressive by the thought, that at that same instant, the homage of the whole empire is offered to the Deity. Every one then giving his salutation to those by whom he was surrounded; the clatter of tongues began with redoubled animation, to make up for lost time.

Next day I went in the afternoon to visit the gardens of the Buen Retiro, and having wandered about in those extensive labyrinths till it grew dark, unconscious that they shut at the *toque a las oraciones*, when I went towards the doors I found them closed. There was no other remedy for me than to spend the night in admir-

ing its beauties, which on such a fine evening was no great hardship. The innumerable fountains that decorate these gardens, the hundreds of statues, the hermitages, and the Indian Pagodas and Chinese temples that rise in the midst of its woods, the extensive lakes, dug by the hand of art on those steep acclivities, with the elegant landing places along their borders; all those wonders on which the treasures of America have been lavished from the time of Philip IV. to our days, produced a deep impression on my senses, particularly when the moon rose to add new charms to the majestic scene.

From the top of the park I could see the Prado, the Delicias, the distant winding borders of the Manzanares, Madrid with its steeples and its domes rising from among the shades like spires and globes of silver. The light cast by the moon along those long chains of mountains of Guadarrama and Buytrago, whose summits are crowned with eternal snows, gave their tops the appearance of a transparent wreath,

and formed a striking contrast to the darkness that involved the body of the mountains. At that hour the sterility of the plains was hid in the faintness of distance, or they appeared like glittering lakes. That serene sky, that breeze of southern nights, which reproduces towards the latter end of autumn the agreeable coolness of the spring, heightened the charms of this magnificent scene, and disposed the mind to a state of fanciful reverie. The noise of the fountains, and the roarings of the lions and the panthers,* who also inhabit that place, gave an idea of wildness that transported me to the deserts of the torrid zone. The statues, whose pedestals were hid by tall shrubs, appeared between the trees like so many mysterious beings wandering among those silent woods, and gave a kind of magic effect to that scene, which suggested a thousand romantic ideas to my excited imagination.

* The Royal Managerie occupies a pavilion of the Buen Retiro.

Having wandered and admired till I was weary, I took an uncomfortable nap in the most sheltered of the arbours, and early next morning left the gardens as soon as the gates opened, and directed my steps homewards. Here, being informed by the landlady that on this day the circus for the bull-fights was opened, and having in the absence of news from Valladolid nothing else to occupy my mind, I resolved to go and see the exploits of the celebrated Candido,—the great gladiator of the day.

The street of Alcala, notwithstanding its length, was hardly sufficient to contain the multitude of people that hastened towards the amphitheatre; and all, in their holiday clothes, seemed afraid of arriving too late to take a commodious place. Poor wretches, who, perhaps had not a piece of bread, or even a bunch of garlic for their dinner or supper, paid four reals for the happiness of sitting in the shade; not that they cared about the heat of the sun,

but they were afraid that dazzled by its light, their eyes would not follow in all their details the movements of the *toreadores*.*

The circus is situated without the walls of the city, in sight of the Retiro. It must be allowed, whatever may be said of the propriety of such games, that there is a character of ancient grandeur about them, which greatly interests a stranger, as a last vestige of those, which under more or less generous forms, delighted the civilized world two thousand years ago. The arena is about six hundred feet in circumference, and is surrounded by barriers six feet high. Beyond this is a narrow passage all round, through which the various people employed at these fights pass, and which protects the spectators from all danger. The amphitheatre presents fourteen rows of seats, rising one above another, on which the crowd is distributed according to their rank or their purse.

* Bull fighters.

Few exhibitions in the world offer a more singular variety of costume, and more life or movement. There are to be seen people of all ages, sexes, conditions, parties, and provinces. A file of balconies is set apart for the ladies of the highest rank, prelates, and *grandees*; and also a tribune richly decorated with crimson velvet curtains, belonging to the royal family. Beneath these, is the orchestra, and below that, the principal entrance into the circus opens in the form of a triumphal arch. Opposite the royal tribune is the lodge where the bellowing bull is shut up. On the right is a little door for the *torreadores*, and on the left another through which the dead bodies of the bulls are carried out.

As soon as the lists opened, and the handsome *Candido* advanced, mounted on his foaming courser, with his lance, his brilliant plume, his vest laced with gold and silver, his noble and masculine look, all the ladies in the balconies, and the people seated round the amphi-

theatre, waved their handkerchiefs, and filled the air with their plaudits. When he came to salute the royal tribune, the grace and dignity of his manner drew upon him the liveliest applause from some of the illustrious females who graced the principal balconies. During the combat, his skill and courage, equalled only by his beauty, kept the people in constant rapture. Always facing the bull, and often going to the middle of the arena to seek him, he defied him, and mocked his fury; and once, when his horse was wounded, he made his retreat with much art, now whirling to the right, and then to the left, in the most composed manner, so as never to allow the fiery animal to take any farther advantage of him. In these perilous moments, all the spectators observed a dead silence, and terror was depicted on every countenance, till he was safe out of all danger, and then, thundering bursts of applause resounded every where in the circus. The fans, the veils, the mantillas were not sufficient to express the joy of the

women, while the men waved their hats, and gave full stretch to their voices.

After various brilliant exploits as a Picador, he again appeared on the arena as a Matador. It was in this difficult post that he showed better than ever of what he was capable. One thrust with his sword was enough for him to terminate the *corrida*.^a He went straight to the furious animal, showed him his red cloak, extended unhesitatingly his arm towards his bent head, and thrust his steel between the horns as the animal was approaching with the rapidity of lightning, leaving him stretched dead at his feet.

The reputation of Candido was so great, that the most enormous sums were offered him to attend the corridas in Andalusia, where the Andalusians were at that moment disputing with their rivals the Estremenos, the glory of possessing him, that they might thus secure a vic-

^a The bull fight is also so called.

tory over them. Candido might have made a princely fortune, had not the extravagance and dissipation habitual to such men, his constant journeys, made always with a pomp truly royal, and his great donations to churches and monasteries to expiate his disorders, exhausted his immense salaries. His personal attractions might likewise have been to him a mine as fruitful as his skill, but though proud of having illustrious amours, he availed himself of the gifts of nature only to increase his pleasures, not his fortune.

When he was absent from the circus, the whistlings, noise, and confusion were insupportable. The least mishap to the unfortunate *toreros* or *picadores* was hooted till the bull himself stood still, as if amazed or deafened at the cries. I happened to be sitting by our modern Roscius, Maiquez, who took as much share in those hootings as any of the *lavapiés* below us, when one of the *picadores*, whose horse had been killed, and himself rolled on the

dust, re-appeared mounted on another ;—" Off, off,"—vociferated Maiquez, with all his might. His cries attracted the notice of the Picador, who immediately recognizing him, stopped his horse opposite us, and spiking his lance on the ground, and fixing both his hands on his hips—" Hark thou, master tragic," said he, with a shake of the head,—“ dost thou imagine that fighting a bull is the same thing as thy sham dying on the stage ?”

This sally of the fellow, at which Maiquez himself laughed heartily, created the utmost mirth in the circus, and replaced the Picador in the good graces of the spectators, who soon after retired in the greatest order and good humour.

CHAPTER V.

In Laputa, we're told, a grave projector,
A mighty schemer—like our new director—
Once form'd a plan—and 'twas a deep one, Sirs!
To draw the sun-beams out of cucumbers ;
So whilst less vent'rous managers retire,
Our Salamander thinks to live in fire.
Prologue Colmans.

As I was leaving the circus, whom should I meet but Anton in the most ragged condition, but with as gay unconcerned a look as if he possessed all the comforts of life? No sooner did he perceive me, than running to me he cried—"My dear master, at last God grants to Anton the consolation of seeing you again. May his eyes now close for ever to the light of day, since they have seen what they so much longed for."

"Say rather," cried I, "may they be

open many years to see realized all your master so anxiously desires, and then you might participate too in his happiness.—But how is it I see you in this condition ?”

“ It is,” replied he, “ that I and the world do not agree. There was a time when I too wore a tailed coat with a badge on its left flap, which though it did not bring me a maravedi, gave me, nevertheless much consideration in every circle where I appeared. No sooner did the newsmongers, and other strolling politicians perceive me coming, than they all assumed a most serious and circumspect air, and I was looked upon by them with the utmost respect. I wish you could have seen Anton, laughing in his sleeve, walking with the gravity of an owl, and conversing about our mother church, as if he understood a word of it. It was quite edifying to hear how the whole conversation immediately turned upon religious topics ; and whenever the Holy Tribunal was mentioned, how every one present made a bow to me as if I had been the

Inquisitor General ; though I had the honor to be only one of its most humble ministers. I must not tell what I saw within the walls of that Holy Tribunal, because as you know in speaking of the king and the Inquisition—hush ! hush !^a But, hang it, that mummary was not made for Anton, nor he for it. I soon cast the coat and its relics away ; for I could not bear such a padlock on my lips, and to be always putting on a face as long as that of the Knight of the rueful countenance.”

“ But how did you happen to be made a familiar ? Why, I should have sooner believed that you had been created minister of grace and justice !”

“ Faith !” exclaimed Anton, “ you were not far from hitting the nail. It was in trying to be a minister of some sort that I consented to undergo the misery of being a familiar ; and this was the way it happened.—Soon after I left

^a A very common saying in Spanish.—*Del rey y de la Inquisicion, chiton, chiton !*

your mother Doña Teresa, I came to Madrid, where witless people will never starve, and one day, as I was gazing at the folks in the court of the palace, a fellow dressed in the livery of his Excellence the Prime Minister, tapped me on the shoulder, saying his master Don Juan Lozano de Torres, Minister of Grace and Justice, wished immediately to speak to me.— ‘The Minister of Grace and Justice!’ cried I, ‘why, surely he does not meanto create me a Judge?’

“On entering his Excellency’s fine apartments, I was surprised to see Lozanillo, the son of a carpenter in Cadiz, with whom I had so often robbed the old market women of their apples, and the orchards of their fruit, sitting most gravely in a damask arm chair, with a beautiful gold embroidered uniform, and King Ferdinand’s portrait hanging from his neck— ‘Anton,’ said he, as I entered, ‘you will no doubt be surprised to find your old companion Juanillo, Prime Minister; but you who are a

man of wit, ought not to be surprised at these meta . . . (no, that was not it, but stay I have it on the tip of my tongue) metem (I have it now, though it is a devilish long word) metempsychoses."

"You mean metamorphoses," said I, interrupting him.

"I neither mean the one nor the other, for I do not know the sense of either, but I am sure he said as I said, for I have always tried to keep it in mind. But be that as it may, 'Why,' cried I, 'to be sure extraordinary things will sometimes happen, and had it not been for an unfortunate mistake of King Charles's mules, it is probable that by this time I myself might have been Caballerizo Mayor,'—and then I related to him my adventure in the Fresnada, at which he laughed heartily.

"'I'll tell you what,' said he, 'you know I

* Master of the horse to the King, an office filled by a Grandee of Spain.

have always had a great liking for you, as finding you a merry clever chap deserving of a better fate. Come into my service, and I'll make your fortune. I want a man on whom I may depend; only, whatever you hear or see here must never go beyond your lips.'

" 'With all my heart,' said I,—and it was agreed I should put on a fine coat, and be admitted to his confidence.

" Were I to tell you all I saw while I served him, you would not believe me.* Imagine that the first thing Lozano did, even before he came to Madrid, was to make Ferdinand believe that he was as fond of him as of the first Gaditana he ever loved, (which I suppose happened when he sold chocolate at Cadiz by the pound), and that two drops of water were not more alike than their minds were congenial, and their natures, dispositions, and sentiments similar.

* The following facts, though related by Anton in his usual humorous way, are strictly according to truth.

Every morning he used to send me to the Palace to enquire how his Majesty had spent the night. One morning I brought him the news that the king had been afflicted with a violent cholic. 'Return quickly to the Palace,' said he, 'and enquire adroitly into all the details and symptoms by which it was accompanied.'

"I did so, and told Lozano, who was still in bed, all that I had learned on the subject—'Run for an emetic,' said he, 'and bring it to me immediately.'

"I obeyed him, and was surprised to see him take it instantly. Then dressing himself in the most slovenly manner possible, (though he was always most particular in tying neatly his neck-cloth, and looking starch) he proceeded to the palace, pale as a plaster figure, and with the look of a soul in purgatory. On his return home, observing my surprise at his strange conduct ;—'The fact is,' said he, 'that I had a grace to demand from his Majesty, which I was

afraid I should not obtain unless by some stratagem or other. I had now been watching a whole week for an opportunity to execute a little plan I had formed, till at last you brought me the news of his cholic. I went to the Palace as you saw, and demanded an extraordinary audience on a matter of great importance; the King, who never refuses to see me on such occasions, admitted me into his chamber, and seemed greatly surprised at seeing me thus pale and dejected, but when I began to describe the fit of cholic, as attended by the same circumstances as those by which he had been affected, he could not find words to express his astonishment, that both he and myself should have been attacked precisely in the same way—‘Sire,’ said I, then ‘your Majesty will now be convinced of the truth of what I have so often said to you, that whatever occurs to your Majesty will happen also to me, and that you cannot be happy or unfortunate without my being so too.’ I then

demanded the favour I wished, which was the continuation of the *Voto de Santiago*,* the abolition of which had been strongly urged by the other ministers, and almost decided upon by his Majesty,—and it was immediately granted me. ‘This,’ added he, ‘is the way to keep on the saddle, and ride safely on the road of fortune.’

“It is said of some people, that they have the art to kill two birds with one stone, but Lozano beats them hollow, for in this instance he killed four. You have seen, that besides persuading the King of the similarity of their natures, he obtained the favour he wished. Well! you shall now see that he pocketed a good round sum, and made the world admire his disinterestedness at the same time.

“The two canons who came from Santiago to negotiate this thorny affair, being constantly

* An annual contribution for every acre of ground, paid in several provinces to the Cathedral of Santiago, which of course brings in a pretty income to its chapter.

denied admittance to his Excellence, were obliged to have recourse to a great friend of ours, who managed the petitioners' interviews with Lozano. Of course his Excellence was always too much occupied, not only with official business, but with pious and charitable works, which for want of funds must still occupy his time, at least for a whole month, to be able to see them before then,—unless by some handsome donation of theirs, those occupations were shortened, so that it might immediately leave him at liberty to employ himself in their service. After being given to understand the sum required for that purpose, it was paid down by them, and they were admitted into his presence. His Excellence was grieved to the soul that such holy characters, whom he was always ready to serve, should have been thus detained, but he promised to obtain for them their demand, which he performed.

The canons to show their gratitude, presented him with the great cross of Charles III. of

which he is a member, magnificently set in brilliants, which he with his usual affectation of modesty refused, unless the King our master should desire him to take it. Seeing they could not prevail on him to accept it on any other terms, they asked an audience from his Majesty, in which they stated, that his virtuous minister, afraid the vilifying world would misrepresent his motives, would not do them the honor to accept that little token of their esteem; and begged his Majesty to oblige him to do so. The King sent for him and insisted on his taking it, which of course he could not then refuse, and the canons went away, quite edified at the disinterestedness of his Excellence

“Thus, while he strove to appear before the public as a saint descended from heaven, at home he indulged in every kind of dissipation, and no man could ever obtain a favour from his Excellence unless patronized by some of those petitioners to whom nothing can be refused, or by a good long purse, more bewitching still.

than these charmers. In time, however, notwithstanding his hypocrisy and cant, people began to doubt him, and soon to murmur about what they called his bad practices. Even in the Palace once a rogue went so far as to whisper into his Majesty's ear, that the most important posts were negociated by Lozano through his mistress, and that the most scandalous abuses were daily practised in every branch of his department. This, though as true as the gospel, Lozano knew how to turn to his own advantage; for no sooner did he hear of it than he went to the King.—‘Sire,’ said he, ‘I am accused of having a mistress through whose medium I sell the public employments. These are all calumnies invented solely to deprive me of your Majesty's confidence, and to prove it, I beg your Majesty to sign this decree of banishment for that same woman whom slandering tongues call my mistress.’ The King signed it, and my master, after supping with her, made her pack up her worst things and bundle away

out of Madrid, just as midnight struck.—This little sacrifice, so delicately done, fixed him in his place more firmly than ever.

“As he had no secret from me, he also used to tell me how he spent the time of his audiences with the King — ‘While the other fools of ministers,’ said he, ‘tire his Majesty with an account of the state of their departments, I, who know his incapacity for continued application, contrive, during the time I remain with him, to amuse him with little anecdotes, and with the scandalous chit-chat of Madrid, so that I always leave him in good humor.’

“But to come to myself,—after serving him in all this underhand work, we agreed that I should begin my apprenticeship in the ministerial career. He, therefore, introduced me to Father Martinez, the King’s preacher, and member of the Supreme Tribunal of the Faith, who nominated me to the important post of Familiar, after which I was to be created something between Inquisitor and member of the Cama-

rilla. But as I said before, I soon hung up the coat and its badges ; for unless I am at my meals, I find it the most difficult thing in the world to keep my tongue quiet."

As I stood in need of a servant, and as this half-minister of Ferdinand was little less than starving, I admitted him again into my service, to his great consolation and joy.

CHAPTER VI.

'Tis gold
Which buys admittance : oft it doth ; yea, and it makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer.

Cymbeline—SHAKESPEARE.

ON my return to the Fonda, I found a large package of letters and papers that had just arrived from Valladolid. I need not say that its contents were melancholy in the extreme. The Marquis informed me of his determination to fly to France, and join Don Ignacio in his exile, and Isabella sent me her tender adieu, as she too had resolved to accompany her uncle in his flight. My mother lamented the loss of her protector and friend, and my sisters that of their beloved Isabella, so that we all had well grounded

motives for sorrow and regret. How long this absence might last it was impossible to calculate; but even involved as Spain was in such an abyss of misery and disorder, I was rather sanguine in my hopes.

Every branch of government lay in a state of the most complete abandonment, and all the sources of national prosperity were entirely neglected. Commerce in the interior was so obstructed, both by the dilapidated state of the roads, and by the numerous and well organized bands of robbers that infested them, and whose boldness often obliged government to enter into negotiations with them, that it amounted to little or nothing. The commerce with foreign countries had ceased altogether from the moment the absurd system of the revenue laws was re-established, because smuggling was the only profitable trade, and was encouraged to a vast extent. The complicated and oppressive system of finance, by depriving private individuals of their fortunes, kept the coffers of the treasury empty, and dried up

another source of our national wealth and industry. In the tribunals the judges were the mere instruments of power, or at most governed by their own passions and interests. New commissioners were daily created by the ministers, the better to gratify their revenge. Honorable men, whose virtues and talents were acknowledged by all, were obliged, in order to avoid their ruin, to seek refuge in obscurity, and only the ignorant, the vicious, and the low-born were seen at the head of the public situations, and enjoying the confidence of the monarch. As for public education, the name alone was a crime punished with the utmost rigor. The liberty of the press was confined to the libels and sermons of the clergy and their faction against the prostrated liberales. Several of their victims had now fallen under the poignard and on the scaffold, and a secret indignation was spreading fast throughout the Peninsula.

Such being the actual anarchical state of Spain, it was reasonable to imagine it could not

last long ; but Spaniards, impatient as they are of a foreign yoke, will bear with a sort of indifference, or rather criminal apathy, the oppression of their own tyrants. Now and then, however, the blind power that had been sowing calamities over the land, started back with terror at seeing the fruits which began to spring up from those seeds. In such emergencies our rulers talked of calling the Cortes. It was the magic word that every two months was pronounced to dispel the impending tempest, and overcome the dangers and difficulties that surrounded them. But as soon as discontent had laid down its arms, power returned to its former paths, attended by an increased number of abuses.

The papers I received with the letters, were Don Ignacio's *executorias* of his ancestry, which I took next day to the Counsellor whose office it was to examine them.—“Here are proofs for you, Señoria,” said I, filling his tables with parchments; “I hope you will now be contented.”

"Gad!" cried he, "you had better have brought with you all the parchments contained in the archives of Simancas."

"This is not all," returned I: "by the time you have examined these few executorias, which are the proofs only of my father's noble ancestry, those of my mother will be forthcoming from Valladolid. In the letter I received yesterday from her, she said, I might depend on receiving shortly, through the means of the arriero, a good large trunk, full of parchments belonging to her; but she was sorry to add, that the arriero could not bring another larger still, which was already packed, and which she must send on the first opportunity."

"God forbid!" cried his Señoria, "unless your mother intends you shall lay claim to the crown of Spain, which you know would be high treason."

"Your Señoria may be sure that her ambi-

* The great national archives are at Simancas, a little town, two leagues from Valladolid.

tion does not extend so far," said I, "only that piqued at your refusal, she is determined to prove the pristine blue of her blood."

After seeing him for his signatures, I went to the office of the Duke de Alagon, where his secretary, a little important personage, was sitting at a little table surrounded by several clerks. "You are a *pretendiente à la bandolera*;^{*} what is your name?" enquired he.

"Don Esteban Lara," answered I.

"Aye," said he, having first referred to a book which he kept locked up in a drawer, "his Excellence has already seen you, and every thing is settled, save a document which shall be done immediately. Pray take a seat."

Whilst I sat waiting for my document, two young men, also "*pretendientes à la bandolera*," came in. The one was so short that I was as-

^{*} A candidate to the bandoleer, or shoulder-belt, so called from the circumstance of the Guardias de Corps wearing a shoulder-belt that distinguishes them from all the other troops.

tonished to see him appear as a candidate; the other, on the contrary, was in every respect a handsome youth. To this last, the secretary said, on his entering, that the *fiscal del cuerpo* having examined his papers, and found that his mother's executorias did not reach beyond the third generation, it was impossible he could be admitted into the corps. The youth seemed much mortified at this, and asked if that was such an insurmountable difficulty.

"Our orders," replied the little secretary, "are very strict, but sometimes his Excellence waves one or two generations when the candidate is a fine youth, and presents the infirmity of the Guards with something handsome, as his Excellence wishes to give the corps all the splendour which it ought to possess, and as, besides, he is so charitable!"

"And pray," asked again the youth, "how much would be considered handsome in my case?"

"Oh, that I can't tell," replied the little man,

shrugging up his shoulders, "'tis only his Excellence who must decide that ; but if you follow me I will introduce you to him, and he'll tell you."

They both went into an adjoining apartment, which communicated with the office by a glass door, and returned soon after, the young man saying:—"His Excellence has no conscience, to ask thirty thousand reals for such a paltry thing."

"A paltry thing, you call a whole generation!" cried the secretary; "I think his Excellence has been very moderate, considering that the whole goes to the keeping of the Infirmary, and that he has no interest whatever in such voluntary donations. But how much will your friends be able to give?"

"I don't think they would go beyond half that sum," answered he.

"What, only fifteen thousand reals?"

"That is all."

"I should be ashamed," said the secretary,

“to mention such a sum to his Excellence. Good God! to the Duke de Alagon, Captain of the Guards, fifteen thousand reals! He would turn me out—I’ll tell you what; let me advise you to make it an even number,—a thousand dollars for instance, and I’ll see what I can do for you; though, I assure you, I am risking a great deal too much; but should I succeed, I hope my clerks will have no reason to complain of you.”

The young man then went away highly pleased with his bargain, and with the secretary’s obliging manners.

“I have looked at your papers,” said he now to the little candidate, “they are all right; but upon my word, I am afraid you cannot reach the mark, even of the last brigade, by some inches;—and what must we do?—I don’t know, I am sure; but let me see how tall you are.”

The youth was measured without his boots, by a measure mark placed at one end of the office—“You want six lines to complete the five

feet," said the secretary, "which is the least we are authorised to admit."

"I have a great wish to enter the Guards," said the five feet candidate; "and if you would tell me how I might overcome this obstacle I should feel obliged to you."

"Why," replied the secretary, "to be sure a donation to the Infirmary might facilitate your admission, though it would be difficult to say *how much you ought to give, a line.*"

He pronounced these last words very loud, and remained silent a little while. I happened to be sitting opposite the glass door, and as I raised my eyes to it, I saw two hands with the ten fingers extended—"Ten thousand reals a line," said the secretary, "is the usual compensation."

* A Spanish foot measures about six lines more than an English foot, so that my fellow candidate was five feet two inches, English measure.

"Why!" exclaimed the candidate, "that would make sixty thousand reals!"

"Precisely so," cried the other, "six times ten is sixty."

"I could not afford such an enormous sum," returned he.

The glass door presented eight fingers.—"The circumstance of your being the *mayorazgo* of a great family," said the secretary then, "ought to render that sum of trifling consideration to you; but at all events I should think that you yourself would not offer an affront to his Excellence, by giving less than eight thousand per line?"

"The fact is," said the little fellow, "that I have, even at this stage of affairs, disbursed already more than two thousand dollars, and that every step seems to bring on new expenses, so that for the present I could not afford so much."

The fingers were reduced to six.—"Well," said the secretary, "I should advise you to give six thousand reals per line now, and in six

months time or a year at most, to give the remaining two. This is the least you can offer his Excellence for the Infirmary without giving offence, and with a chance of succeeding in your wishes."

"Well," said the youth, "I will endeavour to get it,"—and then wished us a good morning. At this moment I caught a glance of the duke's face at the glass door; but he withdrawing immediately, the little secretary gave me my document, and measured me to see which brigade I should belong to. I was surprised to find myself five feet eight inches in height, instead of five feet eight and six lines; but having learned discretion, I made no remark on my discovery, and allowed myself to be set down six lines less than I really was. My height, according to their measure, corresponding to the second brigade of grenadiers, I was destined to serve in it, and my rank of captain of cavalry insured me the seniority over most of my comrades.

On the following day, two other pretendientes

à la bandolera and myself were presented to the King by his Excellence the Duke de Alagon, to have the honor to kiss his hand, previously to our taking the oath.

It is not easy for me to describe the various feelings, with which I beheld, for the first time, the author of my country's misfortunes. Curiosity, indignation, and disgust were so blended together, that it is impossible to say which predominated most : but the impression his whole appearance left on my mind was more defined. His figure, large beyond proportion, does not exceed the middle height ; his countenance, pale and sickly, has no peculiar expression about it, save a vacancy of thought, corresponding to the flaccidity of his appearance ; his features, though rather marked, do not offer any of those characteristics which might be expected from one who so invariably pursues the same line of conduct ; there is even a versatility about them which astonishes without pleasing ;—a forehead run-

ning backwards; a nose in the form of a hook, an inflexible mouth, with the lower lip protruding beyond the upper one, and in a straight line with an ill-shaped chin, low and flat cheeks, and long and straight jaws, form a disagreeable *tout-ensemble*, almost amounting to deformity. His eyes, though not quite large enough to be called fine, are by far the best part of his physiognomy; they even possess some animation, and enliven a little the melancholy aspect of the whole countenance. His habit of constantly smoking has turned his teeth nearly black, and given his breath a disagreeable odour, perceivable even at some distance.

“And where do you come from?” enquired he in a thick unharmonious voice, as I bent down to kiss his hand, at which I felt my heart grow sick.—“From Castille,” replied I.

“I perceive you are a captain,” continued he, “and yet you seem very young. How is that?”

"Sire, because I entered the army when I was only sixteen, and I have served nearly throughout the whole of the last campaign."

"And were you ever wounded?" returned he.

"Eight different times, Sire."

"Well, well," said he in a hurried manner, "I hope you will serve me yet many years."

After this we withdrew, and each was admitted into his respective brigade.

As I was quite *au fait* in all the cavalry exercises, I was dispensed from attending the riding school, in which the newly created guardians were instructed in the *manège*, and the use of arms. On the day of my taking the oath, I went, accompanied by several other new guards, to the Sala de Guardias in the palace, all being dressed in our gala uniform,—a blue coat with red facings, and trimmed with silver lace; white cassimere pantaloons, and high riding boots with silver spurs; a broad sword-belt, silver laced, a straight cavalry sword with a gilt hilt; a ban-

doleer or shoulder-belt, with small red squares in the middle, and the edges trimmed with silver lace, to which a silver cartridge box is fastened, in the middle of which is a gold grenade, if the guardia be a grenadier, or the number of the brigade, if he be not. In addition to these, a silver epaulette, (though I wore two in consequence of my rank of captain,) and the grenadier's hair cap with silver knots, and a plate of the same metal, on which are the arms of Spain, complete the dress. Those who were not grenadiers wore a silver Roman casque.—On this occasion, however, we all wore our military dress hats.

On entering the Sala de Guardias, which is one of the handsomest saloons in the palace, and communicates with the Sala de Columnas, the *zaguanete*, or picquet on guard, was drawn up in two files with their chiefs of brigade at their head, and the Adjutant General. After being directed by this last to put our hats in front, the two corners parallel with the elbows, and to raise our

hands, extending the two fore-fingers, (differently from the other troops, who grasp the hilt of their sword) he administered to us the oath in the following words,—“ Do you swear to God and promise to the King to defend him and your standards to the last drop of your blood, to be faithful to him, and in case of conspiracy against his person to denounce the culprits, and never to employ your arm in the service of any other country?”^a Our answer was, “ Yes, we swear to it,” and here the ceremony ended.

It is the custom of every new guardia, to present on the day he first performs guard, a pound of preserved sweat-meats to every individual of the zaguanete, two to the brigadier, and two more to the cadete,^b wrapt up respectively in a white sheet

^a In Spanish the expression is, *no comer pan al servicio de otra nacion*; that is, to eat no bread in the service of any other country.

^b The word *cadete* means only a cornet,—but in the King's guards his rank corresponds to captain of cavalry in the regular troops.

of paper, tied with a red silk ribbon. As I happened to be stationed in the palace, the *saguante* consisted of twenty-four with the two chiefs, and the number of pounds amounted to twenty-six ; but I proposed to give them all a dinner next day, instead of spending my money in sweetmeats, which was agreed to, and which, though more expensive to me, was a means of getting better acquainted with my comrades.

CHAPTER VII.

What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy!
And what have kings that private men have not,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?

Henry V.—SHAKESPEARE.

A DETAIL of our palace duties, and those of the different officers round the King and the Royal Family, with a description of their manner of living, may not prove uninteresting to the unacquainted reader.

Our zaguanête in the Palace occupied the *Sala de Guardias*, where we had our beds behind a kind of screen in the same saloon. We never undressed at night, nor were we even allowed to take off our hair caps or helmets, nor our swords; and at the cry of "the King," the whole zaguanête was formed in an instant.

Every member of the Royal Family has at the door of his apartment a sentinel, who no sooner sees him coming towards the door than he calls the rest to arms. If it be the King, twelve must hasten to accompany him, six if the Queen, and two if an Infante or Infanta. They never pass from one room to another, or even go a step out of their own apartments, without having this retinue at their heels.

In the summer months, the King and the Infantes, and sometimes the Queen and the Infantas rode out as early as five o'clock in the morning, accompanied by a party of guards and their retinue. If they rode in their carriages, the King's party was composed of twelve guards, and an officer who rode before the carriage, and two on the sides; close by the right window rode the commandant of the squadron, and the *exénte** on service; and on the left his field equerry and a cabinet courier. Behind

* An officer of the guards, who holds the rank and brevet of colonel in the army.

the carriage came an officer and eight guardias. At about twenty yards distant from this party, followed in succession the carriages of the Infantes, each attended by six guardias, a cadete and his field equerry, distributed in the same manner as those of the King: then followed the *coches de camara*,^a in the first of which rode the Captain of the guards, the Mayordomo *Mayor*,^b the Master of Horse to the King, and the Lord of the bed-chamber on service, all grandees of Spain of the first class. In the second came the first equerry to the Infantes, their Mayordomos Mayores, and the *Camarera Mayor*,^c chief of all the ladies of honor, also Grandees of Spain; and in the four other carriages that followed, the maids of honor and of the toilet, the *azafatas*,^d and *camaristas*^e on service.

^a Carriages of the bed-chamber.

^b Chief steward.

^c Keeper of the Queen's wardrobe.

^d Salver bearers, or ladies of the Queen's wardrobe.

^e Maids of the bed-chamber.

Besides the officers of the guards on duty at the palace, there are always in attendance on the King, two *garzones*,* two adjutants-general, one called of detail, who is always in the palace to receive the King's orders, relative to the interior service of it, and the other of instruction, to direct every thing relative to the exterior service, on public occasions and festivals. Both of these receive from the captain the King's orders, and communicate them to the *garzones*, who on their part deliver them to the officers on guard, and these to us by means of a list placed in a conspicuous part of our barracks.

The Queen had always twelve different attendants, composed of *camaristas*, *azafatas*, *damas de honor* y *damas de tocador*. These two last classes are *Grandeas of Spain*, with a salary of fifty thousand reals, (which is hardly sufficient to buy them pomatum for their hair) and whose

* Adjutants.

duties are to accompany the Queen every where. The *azafatas*, generally widows of generals or counsellors of state, are experienced women in every thing that relates to the household comforts, and assist the Queen and Infantas in their toilet. Four of them must indispensably be always in the Queen's apartments, or in an adjoining room, and two more with each Infanta. These ladies and the *camaristas*, who are young unmarried ladies, and daughters of generals, judges, and counsellors, reside at the palace, in apartments over those of the Royal Family. None but their own parents, brothers, and servants are allowed to see them there; the rest of their friends must go to the *Parlatorio**, to which place the *camarista* is always attended by a *duenna*.

Some of these young ladies were really very pretty, and as their duties often brought them in contact with us, not a few of my comrades

* The speaking room.

were smitten with their charms. The poor girls were very glad to seize the first opportunity to indemnify themselves for the monotony of their manner of living, and whenever they came near us, amused themselves till a whisper of the approach of some of the demure azafatas scared them away. Frequently we introduced ourselves to their apartments as the brothers of some of them, and attended the balls and parties which they are at liberty to give, though only to their family and female friends; and more than once I have obliged one of my comrades by accompanying him to the parlatorio, where, whilst he was in a corner of the room talking with his charmer, I was amusing the duenna with the scandal of the town, in which above all things they delight.

The Queen has twelve of these young ladies for her service, two of whom are in constant attendance; and each Infanta six. They generally marry very well, and are given away by the Queen or the King, who invariably settles

a pension on their first born. Hence we see a number of striplings who literally know not which is their right hand, commanding over veteran officers covered with wounds and grown old in the field.

Besides the attendants above-mentioned, there are a host of others too numerous to be described; but among them the *Monteros de Espinosa*,* may be mentioned as more singular than the rest. They are twelve in number, though only two of them are in constant attendance. Their duty is to sit up all night close by the door of the king's chamber from the moment he goes to bed till he rises, having almost close to their eyes a lighted torch, which stands in the middle of an elegant glass basin full of water, besides various other lights that are in other parts of the room. Each holds in

* The *Monteros de Espinosa* derive their name from one of their predecessors, who, being the king's huntsman, or *Montero*, saved his life. He was born in the town of *Espinosa*, and the king to shew his gratitude, made his office hereditary in his family.

his hand a silk cord, which communicates like the wire bells with another room, where the Azafatas on service sleep, and which is tied round the Azafatas' wrist. On the least noise from the king or queen, or the slightest coughing, they are bound to inquire aloud—"Does your Majesty want any thing?" If the answer be "Yes," they pull the string, and the Azafatas repair to the king's chamber. No sooner do they hear the king stirring in the morning, than they rise, to be replaced by the gentil hombres, the Urgieres de Camara and de Saleta; the Guardaropas,^b the Ayudas de Camara^c del interior, &c. These last, according to their institute, must not know how to read or write; but instead they ought to be (as the institute expresses it,) *mozos de aguja y de dal*.^d In general these situations are filled by

^a Chiefs of inferior attendants.

^b Keepers of the wardrobe.

^c Grooms of the bed-chamber.

^d Lads of needle and thimble.

generals and grandees, many of whom are competent enough in the first part of the above regulations, though perhaps not equally so in the second.

From seven o'clock in the morning the breakfasts for the royal family began to be brought into the king's apartments, where all the members of the family assembled; Ferdinand having abolished part of the ridiculous etiquettes that prevailed during the preceding reigns, and which obliged every one of the infantes to breakfast, dine, and sup in his own apartment. The dishes were as numerous as formerly, though they were no longer served up in processional order, nor escorted by a guard, who formerly did not hesitate to knock down any person who neglected to take off his hat as soon as he saw the procession. It would indeed astonish any one to see the quick succession of meals for the royal family; every two hours at most, fresh things were sent in from the kitchen to the king's apartments, who evidently is an admirer

of Cornaro's rule of eating often, though he seldom followed his advice with regard to quantity.

At about half past one or two, the whole family dined with the king. The other guests were usually the Duke de Alagon, the Exento on service, sometimes the Cadete and one or two of us, such grandees on service as happened to please his fancy, and now and then some of the members of the high clergy, or the superiors of religious communities of either sex. During dinner-time there was music performed by various bands of the royal troops.

At about five or half past in summer, and earlier in winter, the king and the royal family rode out in their carriages to the promenade. Both sides of the principal staircase through which they usually descend, were lined with a party of our guards and halberdiers. Between our party and the walls were those of the people who wished to present petitions to the king. His approach is announced by the *Urgiel de*

Saleta, who precedes the king, clapping his hands. Immediately after follows the captain of the guards, walking backwards, that his back may not be turned towards his majesty, and receiving from the king the petitions which are presented to him, and handing them to the *garzon*, who is entrusted to take them to the king's cabinet.

During the six years of misrule, the petitioners were so numerous that the people crowded the staircase, and by way of consolation for their distress, the Adjutant General of detail more than once said to us, as the unfortunate people pressed forward to put their petitions into the king's hands, "Make use of your spurs."—Behind the king follow the gentil hombres, Ayudas de Camara, and the rest of what is very adequately called the *serbidumbre*.* In the palace court the Guardias Españolas, with their standards unfurled, and their music

* The servitude.

playing, form the lines through which his majesty passes to the carriage door, and beyond the royal carriages in the square of the palace, other troops are drawn up. On his majesty reaching his carriage, the Caballerizo Mayor and the first Challerizo, both grandees of Spain, perform the function of lacqueys, by opening the carriage door, and placing a small footstool, doubtless invented to degrade them still more in the eyes of the people.

On the king's return, which was generally not before dark, four *criados mayores*,* dressed in their fine gold-embroidered uniforms, each bearing a lighted torch in his hand, lighted his majesty as far as the Sala de Guardias, where the three gentil hombres on service were waiting for him, each with his candlestick, to accompany him as far as his apartments. The same ceremonies were observed with the Infantes, with the difference, that in coming down to their

* Chief domestics.

carriages, they descended by the staircase called del Principe, and left the palace by the door of the same name.

Every day the king gave audience to those who had anything to ask, in summer at about five, before he went to the promenade, and in winter after his return from it. In the six years of absolutism, the usual number of petitioners who came daily, amounted to about forty, and there remained almost every week about a hundred and sixty persons, who had not succeeded in seeing the king. In the time of the Constitution, the number of those who came weekly never exceeded thirty. In these audiences the king stood behind a kind of balustrade ; the captain of the guards a little further on his right hand, a gentil hombre on his left, and a garzon behind the captain of the guards. The memorialists came in by one door, and as they knelt down to deliver their petition into the king's hands, were at liberty verbally to explain the contents of it, and then retired by another door.

The king in taking the petition, gave it to the captain of the guards, who handed it over to the garzon, and, if he formed on the spot the resolution to grant the demand, he first doubled one end of it. All these petitions were afterwards read to him by the secretary of decrees, and if he granted their request, he would write the letter 'C' otherwise an 'N'.^a

Many of those amorous intrigues, which he carried on in a most scandalous and notorious manner, sprang from these audiences. Whenever he saw a lady at them who pleased him; he nodded to the captain of the guards, who in his turn made a sign to the garzon, who never failed to go and meet the fair petitioner as she left the hall, and inform her he had orders from the captain of the guards to desire her to call at his apartments, on the following day at such an hour, to receive his majesty's answer. Hither the king came, and granted or refused her re-

^a *Concedido*, granted: *Negado*, denied.

quest, according as he found her disposed to grant or oppose his wishes. Some of the most abandoned women have through similar means, and under various pretences, obtained large sums of money.

A titled lady, of Castille, whose house I visited almost daily, was once singled out in the above manner. Calling upon her one morning about eleven, I was surprised to see almost every pane of glass in her apartment, the looking glasses, vases and chimney ornaments, broken into a thousand pieces, and a beautiful breakfast china service scattered about the ground. The lady herself was reclining on a sofa, her face covered with a handkerchief, and weeping most bitterly. I begged her to explain the reason of that extraordinary sight: she wept and hesitated a long time, and at last told me, that having had occasion to demand a favour of the king, she had gone with her daughter to his audience and received an intimation by the garzon, to repair on the following day to the

Duke de Alagon's apartments, where she had met the king, who told her, in no very delicate terms, that he had become enamoured of her daughter, and must see her next day, for which purpose he would go to her own house to breakfast. As it was impossible for her to refuse him admission into her house, she made the necessary preparations to receive him, but desired her daughter not to appear. In fact he came that morning accompanied by the Duke de Alagon, and finding that her daughter was not called, notwithstanding his repeated commands, became so outrageous, that he, assisted by the Duke, broke every thing in her apartment, as I saw it there, and after loading her with abusive language, retired fulminating threats against her !*

After the king's return to the palace from the promenade, the *refresco* was usually served up in

* Disgraceful as the above transactions, and many others related in the sequel may appear to an English reader, the author can vouch for the truth of them.

his own apartment, and between this and their supper, which was at ten, various amusements followed, such as concerts, vocal and instrumental, on the Tuesdays and Fridays, and on the other days, sometimes sleight of hand, or else phantasmagoria, at which only a limited number of courtiers were present. But Ferdinand's chief pleasure was the conversation of inferior servants, to whom he allowed the greatest liberties, and whom he treated with the greatest familiarity. With these men he seemed perfectly at home; with a segar in his mouth and reclining on a sofa, he listened with delight to their vulgar jokes, and buffooneries, and was himself as talkative and as noisy in his mirth as any of them.

Pedro Collado, better known by the name of Chamorro, was the great favourite of Ferdinand, and shone most at these evening parties, by his fooleries and stupidity. He had been a waterman, and accompanied the king to France, where he had served him in an inferior situation.

On his return to Spain, he made him his guard-
aropa, and likewise his limosnero,* (a situation
which had always been filled by the Patriarch of
the Indies.) As a specimen of this fellow's wit,
and Ferdinand's mental refinement, I shall only
mention one of his bon-mots, which afforded in-
finite delight to our royal master.—“ Does your
majesty ask for your gentil hombre ?” said he
buttoning up his coat, “ here he comes.”—
“ Does your majesty want his Ayuda de Ca-
mara ?” unbuttoning his coat, and standing
still, “ behold him here.”—Does your majesty
want his faithful servant Chamorro ?” taking off
his coat and flinging it away, “ here he is.”—
Yet this fellow, stupid as heaven made him,
gained such influence over Ferdinand's mind, that
he often obtained for his friends some of the first
and most lucrative offices in the kingdom.

Were I to mention some of the numberless
important affairs which in Spain have been ma-

* Almoner,

naged through such obscure individuals as the above, my English readers would scarcely credit me ; still less would they think it possible that any man bearing the title of king, would ever forget himself so far as to be prejudiced by the tales and anecdotes of servants, against particular measures decided upon by the ministers ;—insomuch that, when they came to transact business, they sometimes found he had already made up his mind upon some of the most important points, quite contrary to their expectations.

As these men were well aware that one of the most prominent features of Ferdinand's character was pusillanimity—whenever they wished any of their cronies to become possessed of some important post, they took care to introduce him into the king's private cabinet, where he pretended to know a great deal of certain plots hatching against his majesty's life, which he would be able effectually to crush were he to be nominated to this or the other post. Some of these low par-

venus even became the favorites of the monarch; but as fickleness and distrust form the foundation of his character, they were not allowed to enjoy his favor long.

More variable and capricious than despotism itself, he never let a month elapse without sending to fortresses, or into exile, those to whom he had only yesterday given his confidence. Ministers, chiefs of the Camarilla, Presidents of the Commissions, men who had brought mourning into hundreds of families, who had exhausted the public treasury, and insulted every Spaniard by the scandalous abuse of their power, fell from their high stations near the throne like rotten fruits shaken by the wind. On these occasions it seemed as if Ferdinand tied a bandage over his own eyes; for liberals, absolutists, Persians, and religionists, all equally trembled under his iron rod, all saw it levelled at hazard at their heads.

My protector himself, the king's preacher, had now sunk into comparative nothingness. Some

one of those who in the interior of the palace were constantly contending for the possession of power, and who found themselves alternately exalted or disgraced, had put into the king's hands a sermon, written and preached before the king's return by Father Martinez, which was the most flaming panegyric of the Constitution, that had ever been published. The perusal of this sermon cured the king of his fondness for his Paternity, and inspired him with such a decided dislike, that when the minister of grace and justice brought him the list of three candidates, to fill the episcopal see of Valladolid, that had become vacant by the death of its bishop, the king on seeing Father Martinez' name amongst them, took his pen, and purposely throwing a large blot of ink on it—"Write down another name instead of that man's," said he, returning the list.

The notorious Lozano himself, that deep and bold hypocrite, who had the art of making Ferdinand believe so many absurdities, though he

enjoyed his confidence longer than any other, had in due time also his turn, and on his fall, received many mortifying proofs of his master's ingratitude. All his papers were ordered to be seized, himself to leave Madrid, and the king ever afterwards spoke of him with the greatest contempt. Thus his favorites succeeded each other with a rapidity that showed the inconsistency of the monarch, and the vanity of his favor.

Surrounded as Ferdinand was by priests and friars, who were constantly flattering him with fêtes and presents, we were frequent attendants in churches, where the religious ceremonies were always performed with the greatest solemnity and splendour. On these occasions the king sat on the Presbyterium, or place near the altar, under a magnificent canopy, with two guardias beside him, who were obliged to remain as immoveable as statues, and to be changed every quarter of an hour in such a manner, that no one could notice their exit, unless by a very

strict attention to their movements. Sometimes it was highly amusing to observe the clergymen walk both sideways and backwards to avoid turning their backs, either to the king or to the altar, and repeat to his majesty, frequently with an air of yet greater devotion, every genuflection they made at the altar. It is true that the medals, images, and scapularies with which his whole person was adorned, by rendering him a sort of ambulatory altar, entitled him to their devotion, independently of their wish to fawn and cringe.

These ceremonies were usually followed by a magnificent banquet, at which the king was presented with a purse full of gold, it being an inviolable rule of royal etiquette, that whenever his majesty honors any particular community or chapter with his presence, he shall be presented with a thousand gold ounces.* It was at these religious orgies, that the king surrounded by priests and friars, displayed the utmost familiarity of manners, and jocularly of temper.

* Making about four thousand pounds.

The glass went briskly round, and the compliments flowed with a warmth of exaggeration, which the vapours of the wines and the viands alone could make palatable. When all was over, the king's entertainer usually demanded this or the other place for his relation or dependant, which was immediately granted.

Thus the best bishopricks, prebends, seats in the councils, orders of knighthood, military or civil promotions, and pensions on different branches of the treasury, were given away as the compensations of such services, while the valiant officers who had distinguished themselves in the last campaign, and every honorable and deserving individual who had claims on government, were suffered to remain neglected, some literally starving in some obscure corner of Spain, where their talents could be of no manner of use to their country.

Less criminal, but more ridiculous, was his royal grant to the prior of the convent of Atocha, in Madrid, for creating a certain number of

Counts and Marquises,—contemptible titles, that could only flatter the most empty headed and vain fops, but which being sold at a high price by the monks of that convent, filled their coffers with considerable sums of money.

CHAPTER VIII.

From scene to scene by random steps convey'd,
Admires the distant views, explores the secret shade,
Dwells on each spot, with eager eye devours
The woods, the lawns, the buildings, and the bowers ;
New sweets, new joys at every glance arise,
And every turn creates a fresh surprise.

The History of Porsena.—LISLE.

I HAD now been a guardia more than three months, and the hope of procuring Don Ignacio's return seemed farther than ever from being realized. I had frequently been spoken to by the king, while on guard at the door of his apartments, and when none but ourselves were present ; but I was fully aware of his duplicity, and saw, from the daily occurrences passing before my eyes, that it was almost impossible to move him by accounts of distress, however pathetic, owing to his entire want of sensi-

bility. I therefore thought it wiser to wait till some opportunity offered a better chance of success, and not to hazard a request, which, if rejected, might bring fresh disasters upon us.

Meanwhile, my father's exile threw a gloom over every thing that surrounded me. I felt no inclination for those enjoyments which I might otherwise have sought for, and which were so much within my reach. The only things which gave me any real pleasure were the letters of my family, and those of Isabella, who was now in the south of France with her uncle, and the other exiles. But for the recollections which these excited in me, the life I led when not on duty was as agreeable as a military man could hope to lead any where. There was no opportunity for deep study, but the fine arts and literature might still be cultivated. Some mornings my time was spent in visiting those acquaintances from whose knowledge and acquirements I was always sure to learn something new; and at other times I visited our public libraries

and museums, till my dinner hour, which was usually between half past two and three. After dinner a lounge to the Café de Lorencini, which is on the Puerta del Sol, was indispensable, to be *au fait* to the news or gossip of the day ; then to the promenade ; and after the theatre, to the tertulias, balls, or concerts, which I was in the habit of frequenting.

As I was introduced at most of the houses of the Grandeza,* I assisted sometimes at their tertulias ; where I often met some of the most pleasant people of the capital ; but in general a fatal passion for gaming possessed them all. Almost every day I had the vexation of seeing some one of my comrades and friends lamenting his losses. They appeared to assemble only to plunder each other, and this cruel cupidity, mixed with social enjoyments and social affections, was to me something monstrous.

One of the houses where this fashionable vice

* The name given to the body of Grandees.

was most nursed and encouraged was that of the Marchioness of Santiago. I have there seen people risk all they had on a single card—lose it—and retire in frantic madness and despair. There was one house, however, I frequented, from which gaming was excluded, and where I met some of the most fascinating women in Madrid; whose society I enjoyed the more from not being tied to any one of them by the bonds of tyrant love. Neither the pretty and attractive Jacinta, nor the witty and lively Dolores, nor the dazzling and beautiful Loreta, nor, in a word, any of those in whose company I was most delighted, troubled my repose; though to pass the idle hour now and then, I might feign what I did not feel, and pay them the homage they expected.

On the 15th of August, 1816, the second squadron of the guards, in which I served, received orders to get ready to march to Cadiz and meet the two Infantas of Portugal, Doña Maria Isabel, and Doña Maria Francisca de

Braganza, who were to be united to King Ferdinand, and to the Infante Don Carlos; and on the 17th we left the capital.

The first place worthy of notice on this road is Aranjuez, one of the royal country seats, which affords every kind of rural recreation, such as hunting, fishing, walking, and riding. Few places in the world offer more delightful walks or rides than those found in these verdant lawns and winding alleys, which spread farther than the eye can reach, and are bordered by shrubberies of every description. Fruits, flowers, and vegetables thrive here every where. Clumps of thickly leaved trees offer their hospitable shade from the heat of a noon-day sun; and the most odoriferous shrubs perfume the morning and evening gales. From one spring to another, a vast blooming garden displays an infinite variety of forms, as well as of productions. A small dock-yard has been built in this enclosure, and communicates with the Tagus by a gentle slope. Farther on is a kind of harbour, defended by

a battery adapted to the situation, where the little navy anchors, consisting of some gondolas, and some small frigates, elegantly decorated, which return the salutes of the artillery in the harbour, and perform their naval fights.

Ocaña, a considerable city, is ~~two~~ leagues beyond Aranjuez, and nine from Madrid. The country around is flat; but the view to the north is extensive, and till near Las Ventas we kept in sight the snowy mountains which separate the two Castilles. We were now in La Mancha, so famous for its wines, and still more celebrated for the exploits of Don Quixote, whose historian has displayed equal fidelity as a topographer, and a painter of the manners of this part of Spain. It is a province, offering in most parts little more to the eye than one immense plain; the vegetation of which has a gloomy appearance, more through the heat of the sun, than the nature of the soil. Some thinly scattered olive plantations occasionally interrupt this tedious uniformity.

On leaving Almoradiel we approached the Sierra Morena, over whose rugged and uneven precipices, Le Maure, a Frenchman, who belonged to the corps of Spanish engineers, constructed in 1779 one of the finest roads in Europe. This he accomplished by means of bridges and masonry, with which he faced the declivities on the one hand, while on the other he erected walls breast high. The whole road throughout this district is of a similar construction, until Despeñaperros, a spot where the rocks approach so close as to form a kind of archway over the heads of the passengers. We then entered a valley watered by a stream, and a little further on, came to Las Correderas, a cluster of cottages in the midst of mountains, after which we ascended to La Carolina, the chief place of the German colonies of the Sierra Morena; in which, however, there is no longer a being who speaks German.

Two leagues beyond La Carolina, is the little hamlet of Guadaroman, situated on a gentle

declivity, by the side of a purling brook, in a fertile spot chequered with corn fields, and little groves of ilex. The distant hills are beautifully varied in their forms, and covered with wood. After passing the Sierra Morena we descended to Baylen, a place celebrated in modern history by the complete victory obtained by an inferior number of peasantry, over the fine and well disciplined army of Dupons, who were all obliged to surrender prisoners of war. It is an ancient town, the territory of which still possesses one of the fine breeds of Andalusian horses.

We next crossed by a stone bridge the Rumblar, that falls half a league beyond into the Guadalquivir, of which we just caught a glimpse before we entered Anduxar. This city is one of the richest and most ancient in Spain; but its unwholesome situation exposes the inhabitants to diseases, and is the cause of its being less populous than it might be. As rich internally as on its surface, the whole territory of

Anduxar abounds with metals, minerals, marbles, rock crystals, &c. The immediate environs are extremely beautiful, and bespeak the vicinity of the Guadalquivir, which is crossed by the handsomest bridge on the road at Las Ventas de Alcolea. In proceeding towards Cordova, this bridge is seen on the left, and the back of Sierra Morena on the right.

Here we were in the heart of *Boëtica*, by turns rendered celebrated by the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Moors, and to which the Vandals also gave a name. *Andaluzia*, which the luxuriant pencil of Fenelon has represented in such enchanting colours as the abode of felicity and abundance, is embellished with all the gifts of heaven, and with ancient monuments, and glorious recollections. It gave to Carthage and Phœnicia, gold and silver; to Rome the immortal writings of Lucan, Seneca, and Martial,—to the world the reigns of Trajan, Adrian and Theodosius,—to the Arabs that high civilization, by which they rose so much above the gothic

nations, then sunk in barbarism,—and to Spain a crowd of heroes, poets, and distinguished statesmen.

Under these pure and serene skies, no less fit to foster the genius of men than the riches of nature, other objects equally interesting, and perhaps more attractive, offered themselves to our admiring eyes. The Andaluzian women are of all my country-women, the most fascinating, not so much from their physical beauty, as from that pleasing *ensemble* of features and gracefulness of person which are perhaps more powerful than beauty itself. Their complexion seldom possesses that brilliancy of colour, which is the almost exclusive boast of northern women ; but in its place one admires a delicate brown, just tinged with a pale rose colour, and softened still more by dark tresses, falling in graceful ringlets over the cheeks and neck ; finely pencilled eye-brows, and large, dark, animated eyes ; coral lips, whose perpetual movements give new life to the whole physiognomy ; and oval

countenances full of sweetness and expression. The contour of their persons is graceful, flexible and elegant, and their delicate waists and small feet are not the least of their attractions.

Although, like most of the Spanish women, they cannot be said to possess many of those mental qualifications which spring from a good education,—the activity of their minds, and the warmth and vivacity of their imaginations, are so great, that in our intercourse with them we do not feel so much the want of those acquirements, though it is impossible not to regret, that with such excellent natural dispositions, for want of a little cultivation and care, their minds should remain in such a state of luxuriant wildness. With hearts susceptible of the deepest impressions, and conscious of their power to please, they seem born exclusively for love. Their fine eyes, by turns languishing and animated, are sure to captivate, and impart the feelings which they bespeak. Their sweet and courteous manners, their sprightly conversation, their witty

sallies, and happy repartees, subdue all to their empire. Equally sincere and disinterested, they abandon themselves without reserve to the direction of their affections—frequently sacrificing to them the most brilliant prospects and all the immediate comforts they enjoy, and not hesitating, should circumstances require it, to sacrifice their lives also.

Towards evening we reached Cordova, situated in a plain of great extent, bounded on the south by swelling hills, cultivated to their very summits, and on the north by a chain of rugged mountains, the continuation of Sierra Morena. The Guadalquivir running through the whole plain, renders the environs of the city the richest and finest spot in the Peninsula. Here we were most sumptuously entertained at the bishop's palace, who was our Sub-brigadier's uncle, and who insisted that the whole of our party, amounting to twenty, should also sleep there.

Next day we passed through Ecija, situated

between Carlota and Luisiana, and one of the most pleasant towns in Andalusia. Fragments of marble columns, trunks of statues, stones covered with inscriptions, attest its ancient splendor. This town and its territory possess all the seeds of prosperity. Plantations of olive trees, fertile cornfields, vineyards and extensive meadows, supply the inhabitants with abundance; but they are almost utter strangers to that industry by which they were formerly distinguished.

Six leagues before reaching Seville, is Carmona, a town pleasantly situated on the top of a naked hill, and commanding a view of vast plains covered with olive trees and wheat. Its gate is a Roman monument of the time of Trajan, and has all the beauty and solidity of the works of that age. The road from this town to Seville leads through vineyards, olive grounds, and rows of flourishing aloes, which serve both for a fence and an ornament to the fields. And

yet, incredible as it may seem, this beautiful and fertile district is almost a desert !

The depopulation of Andalusia, particularly in those districts devoted exclusively to the cultivation of corn and pasturage, is owing to its territory being divided amongst a few individuals, the descendants of families who obtained possession of it at the period of its conquest from the Moors. The principal Castilian noblemen who accompanied the victorious Catholic kings to Andalusia, obtained grants of prodigious tracts in perpetuity, according to the fatal custom introduced throughout the whole monarchy by the northern nations. The extinction of the males, too, in many families, is continually aggravating this inconvenience. Rich heiresses transfer their ample portions into families not less opulent ; so that in time the greatest part of the landed property in Spain may devolve to the few families that shall survive the others. As single individuals cannot manage such vast estates, they are let to different persons ; but for

so short a period, that the farmer has no time to form a comfortable establishment, nor is it his interest to be at the trouble of fertilizing or embellishing a land which he is sure to quit shortly after.

Another circumstance concurs with these pernicious customs to prevent the improvement of agriculture in Andalusia. The land is divided into three portions; one is cultivated, another remains fallow, and the third, which is set apart to feed the cattle of the farmer, is augmented by him as much as possible, that he may reap all the advantage he can from his short lease. This naturally gives to extensive districts, susceptible of the highest cultivation, an appearance of nakedness and depopulation.

In Seville, the city of the wonders, as Anton called it, I was billeted at the house of Don Francisco Soto y Morales, a rich hidalgo, who had a beautiful daughter. Although it is one of the privileges of the noblesse to be exempted

from billeted military, we, who belonged to their class, and to the king's household, were not considered as a burden, but rather as conferring honor wherever we went; therefore, I was received by Don Francisco's family in the most courteous manner. As it was night, their tertulia had assembled, and presented some of the first-rate beauties of Seville. Our host's charming daughter Matea, I found performing the lively and elegant dances of Andalusia, which she executed with all those rapid movements and graceful attitudes which add new charms to the person.

As the movements of the most charming and expressive of these dances (the Bolero) together with their accompanying meaning, may be new to the reader, I will endeavour to describe and explain one. By way of prelude she struck her castanets in the air, and made a dignified bow, then placing her right foot forward, with the point scarcely touching the ground, she commenced with the utmost lightness those

steps which by their pantomimic cadences represent an invitation, a promise, a call to the partner, who, emboldened by her encouraging steps, advances with ardour towards her, while she awaits his approach, but when he is on the point of reaching her, she escapes him and flies, leaving him mocked and confused. He, half angry, retraces his steps to revenge himself in his turn; she then follows him to entice him back, succeeds, and flying from right to left flirts with him, till at last she meets him, her body inclining forwards, her arms extended towards him, but her head turned another way to hide the confusion produced by his triumph, and her right foot lightly raised, as still threatening an escape.

Early next day we left Seville, and galloped over the rich, and to the eye boundless plain on which that city stands, watered by the Guadalquivir, and surrounded by a wall of more than four miles in circumference, decked with nearly two hundred towers.

In Lebrija, where we arrived in the afternoon at about four, we heard that the ship bearing the Infantas was then within sight of Cadiz, and we were ordered to proceed thither without loss of time. We set off immediately and reached Xerez before night. From Seville to this city there is nothing remarkable, except that you travel over one of the finest countries in the world, yet every where neglected and almost desolate. The situation of Xerez is one of the pleasantest in Spain, and the avenues which lead to it, give you beforehand a favorable idea of the town, which with little trouble might be rendered one of the most delightful in the kingdom. The top of its Alcazar which is the place of public resort, overlooks some of the finest prospects of the adjacent country.

On our arrival at this city, several *coches de colleras** and *calesines* were ready to convey us to Cadiz; and we set off without having

* Travelling vehicles.

taken any repose since our departure from Seville.

Not far from Cadiz is the celebrated Carthusian convent, the situation of which is one of the most agreeable in Andalusia. After crossing the Guadalete, which is four leagues from this convent, we came to a large plain, where the battle was fought that put an end to the empire of the Goths, and subjected Spain to the yoke of the Arabs. This plain forms also the confines of ancient Boetica. In this beautiful country, missing those pleasing effects of prosperous industry which a bad government has banished from it, I naturally recurred to the interesting inventions of fable, and the important historical events which rendered it so celebrated in ancient times: and while I admired the ingenious inventors of those wonders, I could not help looking down with pity and sighing for the modern actors, who prove themselves so unworthy of so fair a theatre.

As the day dawned we approached Cadiz,

once the emporium of commerce, and lately the great bulwark of our Independence. From one of the hills that crown the rich and highly cultivated valley of Chiclana, that smiling abode where the wealthy Gaditanos resort to take some relaxation from their labours, amidst gardens commanding the finest prospect in the world,—we see on the right the flowery borders of the Bœtis, clothed in all the luxuriance of nature; and on the left the long sand bank, called the Isla de Leon, with its establishments, magazines, fortifications, and little citadels, apparently emerging from amid the waters. On the other extremity is seen fair Cadiz, with its elegant domes and steeples, its extensive bay, whose uneven contours run along the Isla and the continent; with the Fort St. Sebastian on one side, and the town of Rota on the other; two points that form its entrance; Puerto Real, Puerto St. Mary, all the places by which it is surrounded, and the sea beyond it. The eye

may also follow the course of the river Santi Petri to its mouth, and turning to the east perceive Medina Sidonia, whence comes the *solano*,* likewise named the wind of Medina, so much dreaded by the inhabitants of Cadiz, because it brings with it disorders and crimes! From the same point of view one also surveys the vast plains of the southern part of Andalusia.

The delicious herbage that covers the valley of Chiclana, and the beautiful country seats emerging from amidst clusters of verdant trees with rich foliage, offer in the two seasons of spring and summer particularly, the most delightful retreat to the wealthy people of Cadiz. The Gaditanas, or ladies of Cadiz, who to all the fascinations of Andalusian females join that polish of manners which is acquired by mixing in the society frequented by foreigners, and people of the *haut-ton*, bring thither for a few

* East wind.

weeks all the pleasures of the city. Splendid entertainments, balls, concerts, all the display of opulence, and all the cares and efforts of the toilet are combined, to render this place an earthly paradise.

CHAPTER IX.

She with princely pace,—
As fair Aurora in her purple pall,
Out of the East the dawning day doth call,—
So forth she comes ; her brightness broad doth blaze ;
The heaps of people thronging in the hall
Do ride each other upon her to gaze.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

ON our arrival at the pier, we found the guard-marines *en grande tenue*, ready to embark with all the royal *servidumbre*, who had been sent thither previously to our departure from Madrid, to receive the Infantas. There were also the Captain General of the Province, the Marquis de Castel dos Rios, Count Miranda, the King's Mayordomo Mayor, who was deputed to marry the Infanta Doña Maria Isabel, as Ferdinand's proxy, and the Marquis de Villafranca, the In-

fante Don Carlos's Caballerizo Mayor,* who was his proxy with Doña Maria Francisca.

Our party consisted in all of six guardias, the rest having not yet arrived, notwithstanding which we were to perform all the duties of the whole 'squadron. Accordingly our brigadier sent two guardias to the house where the Infantas were to alight, which was in one of the principal squares of Cadiz, La Plaza de San Antonio; two more on board to escort them from the ship to the pier, and the other two remained there with him to receive their Royal Highnesses. I was one of the two sent on board, therefore I had the honor to be also one of the first to kiss the Infantas' hands.

The beauty of the King's consort, and the affability of her manners charmed every heart, and inspired mine with the hope that those per-

* This nobleman we left at Carmona on our return to Madrid, shut up in a mad-house, in consequence of the poor man's brain having been turned by the honor thus conferred upon him.

sonal attractions were accompanied by the virtues of which they often are the precursors, and would soften the unprince-like feelings of the monarch, and mitigate the yoke under which unhappy Spain groaned.

At eight in the morning the Infantas landed amidst an immense concourse of people, and the fire of the cannon both from the artillery of the city and from that of the armed vessels in the port. The Infantas having entered the magnificent car prepared for them, the people dragged it to the cathedral, where a *Te Deum* was sung, and the ceremony of their marriage performed by the Bishop of Cadiz; after which they proceeded to the house prepared for their reception. The streets through which they passed were lined with military, and adorned with several triumphal arches, raised at various distances. —Statues and obelisks decorated the public squares, and the outside of every house was hung with tapestry, festoons, portraits of the royal family, and inscriptions. The windows

were crowded with spectators waving their handkerchiefs and holding flags of various colours, and bands of music were stationed in different points.

On the Queen and the Infantas reaching the house in the Plaza de San Antonio, they sat down to a magnificent breakfast, attended by the servidumbre of the Palace in full costume. After rising from the table the Queen was persuaded to show herself in the balcony to the people, who greeted her with the greatest enthusiasm. At night she went to the theatre, which was thrown open to the people; and afterwards to see a superb illumination, with display of fire-works, and concluded the evening by attending the splendid fête and ball given in honor of their arrival.

On the following day the Queen was present for the first and last time at a bull-fight. Her gentle disposition and humane feelings were evidently averse from such an exhibition; and during the whole time of its performance, she

evinced her sensations by the most ludicrous grimaces. After the bull-fight she went to the promenade, where she was greeted by the acclamations of an immense crowd who had collected there.

On the party returning home the *zaguanete* was drawn up for them to pass through, no one but the royal persons being ever allowed to pass between the lines thus formed by the Guardias de Corps. Count Miranda, however, who was very fond of giving himself airs, fancied, that because he walked close behind the Queen in a most stately manner, and with a look of great importance, he might attempt to pass through too; but our *cadete*, an officer no less versed in the code of our privileges than zealous in their support, stepped forward and said, that his Excellency ought to be aware none but royal persons were allowed that honor. "I am his Majesty's Mayordomo Mayor," replied the Count, in a haughty tone; "and I can pass through any place I please." To this our spirited cadete replied,

he was much mistaken, and that if his Excellency did not immediately withdraw, he should be obliged to *make* him.

“ I will retire,” returned the mortified Count with a shake of the head ; “ but his Majesty shall be informed of your insolence.”

This Count de Miranda was a grandee of Spain, and much in favour with the King. In his youth he himself had served in the Guardias de Corps; but, as is customary with the sons of great families, he was guardia only six months, then was made a cadete, and six months afterwards, an exento. Soon after he obtained the command of the body of Carabineros Reales, men who have a peculiar dislike to the Guardias de Corps, on account of the rivalry existing between their officers and the guardias. On this occasion the Count obtained an order from the King that the Carabineros alone should be allowed to escort the Infantas from Cadiz to Madrid; but the Duke de Alagon, who saw that such a step was an encroachment on the

privileges of his corps, and alarmed at what might follow, made the king countermand his order, and allow that eighty guardias should depart immediately for Cadiz to perform this service ; which conferred great honor on the corps, and by destroying all the ambitious plans of the Count, raised his enmity against us.

This, and the mortification he had received from our cadete were the occasion of our being treated in the *Mesa de Estado* * with the utmost meanness and penury. One day we sat down at table four and twenty guardias, and found for our second course, a couple of pigeons ! The pleasantries of my comrades on this munificence were endless. Every one had some witty thing to say ; and I, wishing to carry the joke a little further, requested to be allowed to divide them, as I intended to send a little present to the Mayordomo Mayor. Having divided the pigeons

* State mess, or table allowed by the king from his private purse to the various people employed on occasions like this.

into four and twenty equal portions, I put one into a large dish, and ordering my servant to bring a microscope, which I always carried in my portmanteau, desired him to take both to the count, with our compliments, begging he would do us the honor to accept that trifle from the Mesa de Estado, as a friendly token of our esteem, and not to feel surprised at receiving at the same time a microscope; for each of us having been obliged to make use of it to distinguish our portions, we knew he would want it to see his.

The servant took them, and shortly after the Count came in, foaming with rage,—“ Let me know who had the insolence to insult me in this manner,” enquired he, half choked with passion; “ for I mean this very instant to send a cabinet courier to the king.”

“ If your Excellence,” said our Exento, “ sends one, I will send another, complaining of the indecent manner in which, by your Excellency’s orders, we are treated, although his Ma-

jesty allows a doubloon for each guardia daily, for the Mesa de Estado."

"I receive nothing but insults," said the furious Count; "and I shall this moment apprize her majesty of your insolence."

"And I of your Excellency's meanness," said our Exento: and we all rose, and followed the Count, who directed his steps towards the queen's apartments, at the door of which a zaguanete of guardias was drawn up, expecting her every moment to go to the promenade.

Our adjutant, who was walking up and down the room with his hat on, when the enraged Count entered, not observing his approach, continued pacing the room without touching his hat. The Count, who noticed this, went straight up to him, and lifting the adjutant's hat from his head let it fall again, saying,—“I am the Mayordomo Mayor, and your Excellency ought not to pass me without saluting me.”

The adjutant stood astounded at this strange

conduct; but our Exento arriving just at that moment,—“Señor Mayordomo Mayor,” said he to him, “perhaps you are not aware that your Excellency is speaking to one who acts here as Adjutant General, and who consequently is above you. If you are not, let me tell you that it is your Excellency’s duty to take off your hat to him, and treat him with more respect.”

At these words the cries of “the queen, the queen,” were heard, and the adjutant, unsheathing his sword, gave the word of command, at which the Count mistaking his action for a hostile movement fell backwards in a fainting state. The queen arriving soon after enquired into the affair, which was explained to her. Meanwhile the Count recovered himself, and more furious than ever vowed he would send a courier off to Madrid; but the queen countermanded it, and ordered that henceforth we should be better treated.

I mention these trifles to give some idea of the

character and habits of our grandees. Unaccustomed to occupy their minds on more grave or important subjects, they are the slaves of petty and contemptible passions, of forms and etiquette. They seem never to extend their ideas beyond the circle of their own prejudices, and may be said to belong neither to our age nor to that of their forefathers. Surrounded by their own dependants, and avoided by the enlightened class, their minds are strongly tinctured with vulgarity, ignorance, and conceit. Their slavish behaviour at court has rendered them the aversion and contempt of even the lower orders, and their low vices and propensities, the detestation of every upright and noble minded man. I ought, however, to observe, that I am speaking here of the generality of nobles, and by no means of all. There are exceptions among them, which although not very numerous or bright, prove that folly and idiotcy are not always their patrimony.

After six days' residence at Cadiz, we set

off for Madrid, escorting the queen and the Infanta. In Xerez the people were so anxious to express their joy and loyalty, that as they dragged her majesty's carriage along the streets, several accidents happened, which alarmed the queen so much, that she fainted, and we were in consequence ordered not to allow the people to approach near the carriage when such great crowds were assembled, — a rather difficult task.

Every where the people who lived either in their own farms, or in the towns, came out to see the queen, and kiss her hand. The Maestranzas, chivalric associations composed of the noblesse of the cities, hastened to present themselves to the Infantas, and disputed among themselves the honor of escorting them. Andujar, Jaen, Cordova, Granada, &c. raised triumphal arches on the road, and the young girls strewed the ground with flowers before them.

In Cordova the queen received a present in

money from the Duke de Medinaceli, amounting to ten millions of reals,* which with what she received in other places, made above two millions of dollars. In those cities where she stayed one or two days, she went to see whatever was worthy of notice, and this honor was always repaid by the people with rich gifts, as tokens of their affection and respect.

By the way, an observation that was made to me in the above-named city, in regard to the dress of the queen, gives me an opportunity of stating a curious fact—namely, that the whole wardrobe brought from the Brazils by the two Infantas was contained in one small trunk.

The King and the Infante Don Carlos came out as far as Ocaña to meet their consorts. They were on horseback ; but on coming up close to the queen's carriage, they both alighted, and the same being done by the Infantas, the queen knelt down to kiss Ferdinand's hand. He then raised her, and with an embrace recognized

* One hundred thousand pounds sterling.

her as his queen, and handed her back to the carriage, after which he mounted his horse again and rode close to the carriage window. The Infante Don Carlos, after having also embraced his consort, rode on the side of the carriage, till our arrival at Aranjuez, where we halted for the night.

On the following day we entered Madrid, at six in the afternoon, amidst the ringing of bells, the fire of cannon, and the sound of music. The streets were lined with military, and the houses crowded with people and hung with tapestry. We immediately proceeded to the palace, where the foreign ambassadors, the members of his majesty's council, and the heads of the civil and military authorities, were assembled in the Sala de Embajadores; where a magnificent throne was raised for the king and his consort. The patriarch of the Indies married the royal couple, and the whole ceremony being concluded, they retired to their own apartments.

At night there were splendid fireworks, and a

grand illumination, which were continued for three days. The joy of the nation at large was unbounded. Every friend of order and humanity rejoiced at seeing a young and beautiful female, graced with every virtue, mount the throne of Spain, where it was hoped she would exert that beneficent influence assigned to active goodness on earth. Alas! how soon were all these hopes to be disappointed!

A few days after the king's marriage, a grand gala, or as it is called a *gala con uniforme*,^a was given at the palace, at which every member of the royal family was present. The ambassadors, the officers of the servidumbre, from the Mayordomo Mayor down to the last Urgiel, all the grandees, the civil and military functionaries, the superior clergy attended by monks and friars, officers of every rank, the employés of government, and all those who had

^a A court-day with uniform, because on such occasions even the most inferior servants must be dressed in the uniform appertaining to their offices.

any connection with the court, were there, displaying the utmost magnificence, dressed in their various uniforms, or in their gold and silver laced coats, decked with ribbons and decorations. At twelve precisely they all began to move with an air of importance, and a smile on their countenances, and as they passed in succession before the king and the rest of the royal family, bent one knee to kiss their hands, and retired.

Towards evening the queen had her *besamanos*,^a in the *Sala de la Reyna*.^b The ceremony was a repetition of what I have above described, with this difference, that when the Infante's children are present, all the ladies who attend these levees, from the proudest duchess down to the modest hidalga, are obliged to kneel before the little brat, whose eyes are hardly open, and whose little arm is kept extended for them to kiss; while frequently it deafens them with its cries,—a suitable return for their premature

^a Levee.

^b The queen's saloon.

homage. Of course I need not mention, that all the treasures of the toilet are displayed on those occasions, and that the beauty of their trinkets rivals, and often surpasses, that of their persons.

Besides these grand gala days, the King held levees every Thursday and Sunday, at the same hour, when instead of remaining seated on his throne, he went round the Saloon saluting every one in succession as they are placed in two or three rows near its walls, asking the one how he does, telling another that it is a fine day, or an unpleasant one, or other commonplace chat, which leaves those to whom it was addressed more satisfied than if they had received a purse of gold. On these occasions, as on all others, the King and his family make use of the pronoun *thou* in addressing all those who approach them, of whatever station they may be, whether prelates, grandees, magistrates, generals, women, young or old, noble or plebeian. Every distinction disappears before

them, and all are inferiors before "the Lord's appointed."

Scarcely had the queen ascended the throne, than she began to display those amiable qualities with which nature had endowed her. Seeing the treasures which Spain possesses in paintings and sculpture, and wishing to encourage the public taste for the fine arts, she formed an academy, exclusively under her patronage, and gave up her pin money, amounting to sixty thousand reals a month, towards establishing a public museum, whither more than fifteen thousand of the finest paintings that decorated the royal palaces were sent. At the same time she strongly advised Ferdinand to diminish the expenses of the court, and check those who had the management of the different branches of the expenditure, and who were enriching themselves in the most scandalous manner.

She little knew that he frequently gave

extravagant orders for the sole purpose of putting money into the pockets of his favorites, to whom he intrusted the management of them. Thus millions of dollars were mis-spent in the Gardens of the Retiro, and frequently on works of the most frivolous nature, which only shewed his bad taste, or rather his total want of taste. At the same time, hundreds of persons were employed in decorating the royal palaces in the vicinity of Madrid with every costly article of furniture, which were sent from Paris by an agent who resided in that capital for the express purpose of sending to Madrid whatever article of luxury and refinement should come out in France. Almost every week the Infantes and their princesses appeared in new magnificent equipages, and the members of the king's household in new gold and silver embroidered uniforms; and Ferdinand himself was paying daily an ounce of gold to a cook, who did not belong to the king's establishment, for present-

ing him with a different dish every day ; and all these scandalous and unprofitable expenses before the eyes of a starving population !

The consequence of such extravagance was, that the public coffers were emptied into those of the palace, and not a being was paid, save some of the troops of the garrison of Madrid, whom it was necessary to keep in good humour, to avoid the dangers of discontent and rebellion.

With respect to all the public officers, each supported himself as he could ; that is, by plundering and extorting from his fellow countrymen their hard-earned subsistence.

Meanwhile Ferdinand's hatred of enlightened ideas, and well informed men, gave the fanatics an opportunity to carry on their plans of extermination on a large scale. The confessional and the pulpit, those two great auxiliaries of despotism, ignorance, and monkish oppression, were employed to the utmost. The secrets obtained by means of the former were revealed to

the agents of the civil power, or worse still, to those of the inquisition; who, in their turn, called for the assistance of the public authorities against the phantom of infidelity and impiety, as if their iron arm was not sufficient of itself to satiate their thirst for blood; while in the pulpit discord was seen waving its lighted torch over the heads of the whole people, and laying down as a sacred duty that the son should denounce the father, the wife her husband, the sister her brother, the servant his master, the poor man his benefactor, and the mistress her lover—if they professed liberal opinions, or in other words, if they uttered any complaints against such a dreadful state of anarchy.

But the lethargy into which such strange proceedings had thrown the Spaniards was now beginning to vanish. In various parts of the Peninsula, secret societies were formed for the purpose of opposing the monastic league. All those members of the higher classes who endeavoured to find tranquillity in seclusion, as well

as those who sought their own security in the exercise of power, belonged to these societies. Some of their attempts to bring about the so much wished for change failed; and about this time Lacy, the unfortunate imitator of heroic Porlier, fell like him. His assassins were obliged, in order to execute the sentence of the king, to spread in Barcelona the rumour that that illustrious chief would not perish, but only be sent to the Balearic Islands. They did, indeed, take him thither, but no sooner had he placed his feet on the strand, than his eyes were bound, and he fell murdered on the spot!

CHAPTER X.

Oh grief of heart ! that thy unhappy fates
Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates !

Henry and Emma.—PRIOR.

SINCE the queen's marriage with Ferdinand that gloominess which had made the palace look more like a convent was gradually disappearing ; and it is not improbable that the king's character would have undergone considerable modifications had she lived longer ; for although it could not be said of him that he was faithfully attached to her, his natural pliability, and her superior mind, which had already assumed the ascendancy over his, would by degrees have imparted to him some of that benevolence by which she was distinguished.

With us she often talked and laughed, and even took a share in the tricks we now and then played on some of our superior officers, and on the servidumbre. Chamorro, that vulgar buffoon and favorite of Ferdinand, was often the object of them. Being intrusted with the king's segars, which frequently many of my companions would sily steal from him, as he carried them to his royal master, the queen, who was much amused with the anger he showed on such occasions, once agreed with us, that we should rob him of them all. Accordingly, one day on which he had just received a large box containing several pounds of them, he was carrying it to the king's apartments, where his majesty was with the queen behind the glass door that looks into the anti-saloon; and while he passed through this room, several of us, who were walking up and down, with our naked swords, fell upon him, and with one blow burst open the box, then scrambling for the segars, we carried them all away, while he,

choked with passion, stamp on the ground, and tore his hair, swearing he would have an example made of us. At the same time, the king and the queen came out, and, upbraiding him for his neglect of his majesty's property, vowed they would turn him out of the palace; but the queen unable to keep up her gravity at the wry faces he made, burst out into a laugh, which Ferdinand imitating, let Chamorro into the secret. "There," said he, throwing away the few segars he had been able to save, "I thought you were in it. It is no wonder then I am thus treated by these young rascals, when your majesties are the first to encourage them. And then you will expect to receive their consideration and respect! How can that be!" This excited still more the mirth of their majesties, who withdrew laughing to their apartments.

Ferdinand's faithlessness to his queen, and the warm and sincere attachment she entertained for him, together with her naturally generous disposition, which could not brook any

kind of ingratitude, brought upon her many unpleasant moments. His habit of slipping out of the palace at night, generally accompanied by the Duke de Alagon, Chamorro, and Montenegro, (his principal favorites, and the managers of his secret amours, who usually kept watch for him,) frequently raised her suspicions, which were one night confirmed by seeing them come back in a miserable plight.

They had gone out as usual, and on entering a narrow street, called *Las Veneras*, some *emboxados** fell upon them, and cudgelled them in such a manner, that they were obliged to return to the palace, and keep their beds for some days, particularly the duke, who being older and worse handled than the rest, was confined for eight or ten days. I afterwards learned from Anton, who had had a share in the cudgelling, that one of our guardias having discovered Ferdinand had some design on his mistress, had

* Men muffled up in their cloaks, suspected of secret purposes.

engaged him and some of his friends to cure his majesty of his passion for her in this effectual manner.

Another night, while I was on guard at the door of the king's apartments, I received the order not to call to arms if I saw the king come out. Soon after he made his appearance, and all my comrades, as was customary on these secret occasions, hastened to their apartments behind the screen. Before he went out, he gave the queen to understand that he was going to the office of the Minister of Finance to transact business, a thing which he was in the habit of doing both at night and in the morning; but the Infante Don Carlos, who had particular reasons to be displeased with his brother, and who had heard him make an appointment with the duke and Chamorro, came soon after into the queen's apartments, and informed her of it. At first she would not give credit to it, but the Infante, the better to convince her of the truth of this, took her to the king's cabinet, where he ought

to have been, and then caused the duke and Chamorro to be called to her, who also of course could not be found.

Her jealousy thus excited, she became excessively irritated, and waited the king's return. No sooner did he appear, than she received him, not with her usual blandishments and smiles, but with sharp nails — tearing handfuls of hair from his head, and at the same time saying in Portuguese, — “So you’ve been with the Captain of the Guards to see your mistress, eh? — Well, take that !”

Ferdinand, surprised at this unusual reception, tried to learn who had given her this information, and having found it out, went in a rage to the Infante’s apartments, and striking him on the face, told him angrily, that no one but a tattler like him would have been guilty of such a trick.

The Infante, seizing a shovel, shook it at him, saying that at that moment he neither considered himself as the Infante, nor him as the

King, and challenged him to fight a duel, as he would not brook such an insult. Ferdinand, who to his other good qualities joins that of cowardice, was quite alarmed at seeing the Infante seize the shovel, and ran away, vowing he would send him into exile, and have his life if he could. In fact, on the following day he caused a decree to be drawn up for the banishment of the Infante to Aranjuez, till he could be tried ; and called upon his council to sign it. One of the counsellors, a man possessing more prudence and foresight than his master, and a little more boldness than his colleagues, said, that although he knew he himself were to be condemned to death, he would not sign such a decree ; for he considered the throne as already tottering to its foundation by the discontent which was daily becoming more general, and which could not fail to be considerably increased by such a step. This, and the prayers of the other Infantes, obliged Ferdinand to sacrifice to policy his thirst for vengeance.

The reason of the Infante giving the above information to the Queen, which displeased his Majesty so much, was afterwards explained to me by one of the *azafatas* of the Infanta. The king had excited the jealousy of his brother Don Carlos by his frequent and long tête-à-têtes with the Infanta, when he always ordered away any of the *azafatas* who were with her at the time. On the day of the above quarrel, the king had as usual entered the Infanta's apartments, and ordered this *azafata* (who related the story to me,) to leave the room. On his retiring, she re-entered it, and found all the shutters of the windows that looked into a field on the back of the palace, closed, only allowing the light to come in at the top. The Infanta gave her as a reason, that whilst the king was with her, he had observed an *embozado* walking up and down those fields, and now and then stopping and looking towards the windows of her apartment, and then he, wishing to know who that man was, had enquired it of her. She assured him

she did not know ; but he did not seem to believe her, and ordered the shutters to be closed in that manner. The Infante soon learned this, and insisted upon the shutters being thrown open ; but the Infanta, seemingly more afraid to displease Ferdinand than her husband, would not allow it, and they remained closed for nearly three months !

In the course of the summer the king and the royal family went as usual to Sacedon, to the mineral baths, whither they were accompanied by part of the servidumbre, and one of our brigades. Sacedon is a miserable village fourteen miles from Madrid, near Cuenca, where there is not a single good house, and where even the king was most uncomfortably lodged during the fifteen or twenty days he was in the habit of spending there. The want of a palace was of course very much felt, and Ferdinand had given orders to the royal architects to raise one ; but unwilling to be surpassed in magnificence by his predecessors, and without considering

means or expenses, (the plan he wished them to follow being the same as that of the palace of Madrid,) several millions of dollars, with which a handsome palace might have been built, have already been spent in the foundations alone, and I suspect it will never be carried much farther.

Here, however, we passed our time very pleasantly. Towards evening we usually went to the *eras*,* where the nymphs, as we always called the peasant girls, came in different troops to meet their Majesties, in their gayest attire, their heads adorned with flowers and ribbons, and, striking their panderetas and castanets, performed their rustic dances. At night the guardias principally formed the king's tertulia, and those who knew how to sing or play on any instrument showed their skill before their Majesties.

During our stay at Sacedon a curious adventure happened, which every body imagined

* Places in the fields where the corn is collected in heaps to be trodden down by the mules.

would have had rather serious consequences. The king was in the habit of bathing very early in the morning; but frequently spent his time in the society of a very beautiful girl, daughter of the apothecary of Sacedon. The queen, I know not how, became acquainted with the circumstances, and one morning, soon after he had left her, hurried away by a fit of jealousy, she set off for Sacedon on foot, accompanied only by her camarera mayor. I happened to be riding on the same road, when I observed at a little distance two ladies seating themselves on the ground by the side of the road; and soon after a calesero passed by, to whom one of them called out,—"Calesero, allow us to ride in your calesin;"—to which he answered pretty sharply; "My calesin is not made for such strumpets as you; besides it is already engaged for some ladies who live close by, and whom I am to take to the baths."

"Your Majesty had better order him," said the other lady, just as I came up to them, and

found to my great surprise that it was the queen and her camarera mayor. "Madam!" exclaimed I, "your Majesty here, on foot, and with only one attendant! Will you allow me to accompany your Majesty?"

"Yes," replied she, while the startled calesero stood crossing himself, and mumbling a thousand pardons. Having handed her into the calesin, I rode beside her, conversing little, as she appeared melancholy. When we reached Sacedon, the guardias who had accompanied his Majesty, on perceiving the queen, ran to arms, and some wished to go and inform the king of her arrival. "I desire," said she, with a determined yet agitated voice, "that none shall stir, and he who does it, shall be treated as having disobeyed my orders."

She then proceeded alone to the bath, and there found the king with his mistress. Subject as she was to fits, she suddenly fell apparently lifeless, and we conveyed her back immediately to their residence. When she came to herself

she upbraided Ferdinand in the bitterest manner. Soon afterwards, we all set off for Madrid ; where, however, the news of this occurrence arrived sooner than we did. When we drew near the capital, the magnificent phaeton, drawn by six beautiful horses, that was always sent from the palace for them to enter the city in, met them as usual, and they both got in. The troops of the capital were posted from the palace beyond the city gates, and an immense crowd had collected to observe the wrangling pair, who sat opposite each other, their eyes turned different ways, whilst the people whispered maliciously in each other's ears the reason of their disagreement.

Such were the scenes to which a woman and a queen was exposed, whose natural fine qualities deserved a better fate. But her troubles were soon to terminate ;—death released her from them all, and Spain, losing in her the most amiable princess who had ever sat on her throne, wept her death with a sincerity as deep as it

was general. On the 27th December, having just returned from the promenade, she was seized with one of her fits ; and the physicians who attended her, being of opinion that she was dead, determined to perform an operation to save the infant. This was actually done with the king's consent, only five hours after she had been seized with the fit !—The Camarera Mayor, who was then present, affirmed, that, while it was performing, she saw her shudder !

The infant, however, was saved ; but the king who had promised on its birth to do many acts of mercy, finding it was a female infant, refused to do any, except indeed to pardon the robbers who were not condemned to death. And thus the hopes I had formed on the occasion, for my father's return, vanished with those of a thousand other people.

After the death of the queen she was embalmed, and left in her apartment attended by a zaguanete, as when she was alive, any one being allowed to see her corpse, which was decorated

with all its insignia. During the twenty-four hours that it lay in state, the funeral knell tolled incessantly, and at two in the morning the procession moved slowly from the palace to the Escorial. It consisted of the whole of the queen's servidumbre, arrayed in deep mourning, and a squadron of our guards, preceded by the friars of the four orders of mendicants, each of whom, mounted on his mule, carried large saddle bags to put the wax tapers into, which were given them every quarter of an hour at the end of each responsory ; so that several waggons full of wax tapers followed in the rear to supply the friars.

Near Galapagar the clergymen of the town came out with their shrouds to wrap up the corpse and deposit it in the church till the following night. Meanwhile the friars were seen bustling about in search of comfortable places to shelter themselves from the hard frost and the snow that was falling, and which were so severe, that the poor Camarera Mayor actually died in

consequence of it, although in part it was owing to the rigid etiquette observed on this occasion, by which she was obliged to go in a thin court dress.

On the following day we reached the village of the Escorial, which is seen after passing the Fresnada, built among rocks. In front of us, almost over our heads, the little village of San Lorenzo adorned with its white houses, the slopes of the mountains, near which is the immense convent, separated from it by a line of edifices regularly built. On the left of the road are the parks of the community, the gardens of the Infantes, and that belonging to the palace, which softens by the beauty of its verdure the wild scenery around.

In the vast edifice of San Lorenzo the work of man is overpowered by the work of nature, and instead of having its principal front turned towards the vast plain through which the traveller arrives, it faces the mountains so closely that the eye loses its colossal dimensions. It is

to the details alone of this sumptuous edifice, that the surprise it excites is owing. In walking over it, one fancies oneself in the midst of a city of granite. The beauty of its structure and the extent of its labour prove, at every step, the wealth and power of its founder; and one can easily conceive how thirty years were spent in raising this wonder of art. But it is impossible not to lament the immense labour and the treasures so uselessly lavished on a place, which after all presents nothing but gloomy pomp, mourning, solitude, and monks.

A little before reaching the palace, the Hieronymites with their abbot at their head, came to meet us in community. We halted, and informed them that we were bringing the queen's corpse; a fact which they denied, until the second captain of the guards delivered to them a letter, written by the king's own hand, in which he informed them that his royal consort having departed this life, he requested them to receive her mortal remains in the Pantheon of

his ancestors. On the perusal of this letter, they immediately admitted us through the principal gate of the court, called of the kings,—a gate through which the king enters only twice, once in his life, and again after his death.

The corpse being taken to the church, and all the religious and military exequies used on such occasions being performed, it was then carried down to the Pantheon, which is a large subterraneous vault of beautiful marble, where the remains of the kings of Spain and their families are contained in splendid sarcophagi. Here a recognizance about the queen's corpse took place before the notary of the convent; after which it was delivered to the abbot, who had it conveyed to the *sumidero*, or subterraneous place, close by the Pantheon, where the coffin was placed on some iron bars, under which a brook runs, to be left there for twenty-five years.

CHAPTER XI.

Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time
Ere human statute purg'd the gen'ral weal ;
Aye, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too horrible for the ear.

Macbeth.

ON our return to the capital, I set off immediately to Valencia with several of my comrades, to rejoin the remainder of the brigade, which had left Madrid a few days before the death of the queen, with orders to proceed to Barcelona to receive the Infanta Doña Louise Carlota of Naples, who came to Spain to be united to the Infante Don Francisco de Paula.

Near Ocaña we were met by a party of men, mounted on mules, riding towards us at full

gallop, and desiring us to withdraw on one side; for his Excellence the father Cirilo, General of the Franciscan friars, was coming in his carriage. All my comrades burst into loud peals of laughter at hearing this piece of advice from a jolly friar, who with several others, composed the advanced guard of his Excellency.—“Faith!” cried I, “we thought it was the king.”

“No,” answered the friar, “it is not the king; but he is almost as great a man. First you must know, that the general of my convent is a Grandee of Spain of the first class:—secondly, that all the Franciscan friars in this and the new world are under his orders:—thirdly, that he has daily a rent of sixty thousand reals, and that at every visit he pays to a convent, the monks are bound to give him a gold ounce till he reaches the next convent;—fourthly, that on a post day, he alone receives *gratis* more letters from all parts of the known world, than all the people of Madrid put together:—and finally, that he resides at Madrid in the convent of San

Francisco el Grande, in more magnificent apartments and more richly furnished than any in the world, where he receives the ladies who come to visit him, and where he is attended by more servants in livery, and friars of servidumbre than even his majesty the king our master."

"Have you done?" enquired one of my comrades, "then, put spurs to your mules, unless you wish to see every one of you, and even his Paternity's carriage rolled in the mud, or in some of the ditches along the road."

To this my friar made no reply, but following the advice thus given him, galloped on, and the whole cavalcade was soon out of sight.

After several days march we reached Valencia, which stands as if in the middle of a delightful garden, surrounded by innumerable villages and beautiful country houses. As far as the eye can reach, you look down upon a plain covered with vines, olives, figs, pomegranates, apri-cots, mulberries, groves of oranges and lemons,

all kinds of grains, plantations of sugar cane, rice and palm trees. It is seated on the banks of the river Turia, which fertilizes a country, the most delicious in Europe, ever green and flourishing, and a true earthly paradise.

In this city I was billeted at the house of Don Miguel Frances, the Mayordomo of the Duke de Medinaceli in this province, and a hidalgo most courteous and polite in his manners. He has one of the finest houses in Valencia, and an establishment like that of any nobleman, with his livery servants, horses, carriages, &c. all defrayed by the duke.

This grandee, like several other Spanish grandees, has in the capital of every province a most magnificent establishment, where he resides when he visits his estates, and where he keeps a Mayordomo who must indispensably be of noble parents, and who has under him several stewards, officers, and clerks like those of the king, only that they have more handsome salaries, and are more punctually paid. The emolument

of each Mayordomo is about twenty thousand reals, besides the house, carriage, and horses belonging to the establishment, of which he has the benefit. Their expenses, however, owing to their own extravagance, are seldom below double that sum; but are easily made up by the presents they receive from the tenants, for being allowed to withhold the payment of their rents till they find it convenient to do it, and also by the enormous interest they get from the money they lend their masters, who being in want of it, to keep up their pomp at court, empower them to get it at any interest they can, when frequently they send them their own money, just received from the tenants! The astonishing multitude of domestics that some of these noble-men have, absorb the greatest part of their rents. They not only provide for those who have grown old in their service, but also for their widows and children, and those of their fathers, every one being kept according to the rank he belonged to. Besides these numberless advan-

tages, these dependants have their master's protection at court, and frequently obtain some of the best offices under government.

Our time here passed very pleasantly, particularly the evenings, the tertulia of Don Miguel Frances, which most of my comrades frequented, being the most brilliant in the place, and attended by many of the finest and most agreeable women in Valencia.

On one of these occasions, the 2nd of January, in the middle of our tertulia, several shots, apparently within the house, startled the ladies, and soon after we heard cries of "thieves, thieves." I seized my arms, and running out of the saloon, met in one of the corridors, a Colonel and the son of Frances, who informed me they had seen a man leap from a window of the house to a tree in the garden, and then disappear. We went down immediately, and in searching among the trees found a man trying to conceal himself behind some tall shrubs, armed with a dagger and a pistol, and his whole appearance

very suspicious. Having secured him, we went over the house, and in the *asotea*,* found a youth, rather well dressed, who on finding himself discovered, seemed much agitated ; but would give no account of how he came there. He too was taken below, to which he made no resistance ; but when he was about to be tied to the other man, he exclaimed in a melancholy tone of voice ;—" Am I to be tied to this ruffian !"—and then let his head drop upon his chest.

There was about him something above his years, (which I suppose were eighteen) that notwithstanding the suspicious circumstances in which he was found, repelled the idea of his having any dishonorable intentions, and strongly interested me. But it was necessary to make further search, and leaving him there, I was going out, when I met near the door, the Colonel of the queen's regiment, with two adjutants, who suggested that we had better search an adjoin-

* A place near the roof of the house, that communicates with it.

ing house, which had long been deserted and completely shut up, except one room, which was fitted up and used as a billiard room. We found the door guarded by several *Miquelets*,^b who to our enquiries if there were people inside, answered in the affirmative, though they could not tell us what kind of people they were.

On entering, we found on the first landing-place of the stairs, a man dressed in a captain's full uniform, stretched dead on the ground, with a handkerchief tied round his waist full of cartridges. While we were examining the corpse, an order from the General Governor of Valentia, Elio, arrived, ordering the body to be conveyed to the prison, the house to be surrounded with military, and no one allowed to enter it, till the following day.

Early next morning, the Colonel of the Queen's Regiment ordered me to take three

^b The Militia of Valencia and Catalonia are so called.

men, search the azotea of Don Miguel's house, and enter the adjoining house through a window in the upper story that looked into the court. Having placed some planks across the opposite window, I entered the surrounded house, and found myself in a deserted garret, the door of which opened into a narrow, dark staircase, which I descended, followed by the three soldiers.

We found ten men in different parts of the house, who thought it useless to make any resistance. Some were private gentlemen, the rest military men; but all were delivered up immediately to the Colonel, who had entered the house by the street door, and who marched them away with him.

The gentlemen thus apprehended were the unfortunate victims of the sanguinary Elio; among them were Colonel Vidal, Captain Lara, and young Beltram de Lis, Administrator of Salinas del Grado, the same youth whom we found in the azotea of Don Miguel Frances

They were betrayed to Elio by a corporal of the Queen's Regiment, who was in the secret of the conspiracy.

This man, being seized with a fit of repentance on the day that the plan was to be executed, left the conspirators under pretence of going to prepare his company, and went straight to the Palace of the Governor, whom he informed of the plot. Elio immediately repaired with a company of soldiers to the spot, and sent the corporal into the house to entice them down. Vidal descended the first, followed by Lara; but the former had scarcely reached the bottom of the stair-case, before the Corporal cried out,—"General, that is he."—Then Elio instantly fell with his naked sword on the Colonel, who having hardly time to unsheath his own, fell down dead stabbed through the heart. Lara finding they were betrayed, ran up the stairs to warn his companions, who suspecting something, and mistaking Lara for the Captain of the troops

sent against them, fired down upon him, and a ball entering his cranium, he fell dead on the spot. Those were the shots we had heard on the preceding night, and the murdered Captain we found was the unfortunate Lara; the body of Vidal having been carried off by Elio's soldiers.

To be thus compelled by the duties of my situation, as well as by circumstances, to take an active part in the apprehension of these unfortunate men, was a more painful sacrifice of feeling than any yet exacted from me, since my entrance into the king's service; but since it was impossible for me to avert their fate, I was rejoiced that we were ordered off before their sanguinary execution. All, not excepting the youthful Beltram, whose tender years might have pleaded in his favour, fell under the merciless arm of despotism.

Two days after the imprisonment of these patriots we received orders to proceed to

Barcelona, to wait there the arrival of the Infanta, which was likely to be deferred till the mourning for the Queen was over. We stopt the first night after quitting Valencia at the ancient Saguntum, or Murviedro, as it is now called. Full of ancient monuments, many of which are still in high preservation, it contains among other relics of antiquity, the ruins of a temple of Bacchus, near the entrance of the city; and likewise the foundations of the ancient circus, on which stand the walls that now enclose only a long succession of orchards. But of all that remains of ancient Saguntum, nothing is in such good preservation as its theatre. The different rows of seats occupied by the citizens, according to their rank, are in excellent order, and shew that the number of spectators which it was capable of containing, may, without exaggeration, be set down at between nine and ten thousand.

The castles which command the town are seen at the distance of two leagues, and were

built by the Moors on the ruins of those which the intrepid Saguntines defended with such heroism against the Carthaginian hero. Seven fortresses, communicating with each other by means of subterraneous passages, are yet almost entire, and are seen towering above the heights on which those castles stand. From these Moorish fortresses may be seen at one view the fertile country between Murviedro and Valencia, the steeples of which rise from amidst the orchards that cover the whole plain ; the Mediterranean opposite, and the whole space from Murviedro to the sea side, being clothed with vines and plantations of orange, olive, and mulberry trees. On the left is a chain of hills which bound the horizon, and gradually sink till they blend with the distant sea.

On the following day we slept at Castellon de la Plana, where the Governor of the town entertained us with a magnificent refresco, and a concert. In this place the Bishop of Tortosa has a splendid palace, with delicious gardens,

and a beautiful park. My comrade being an acquaintance of the Bishop's, I had the honor to sleep in one of his fine apartments, and remain there the following day, where we were treated like princes.

In Binaroz we were billeted at the house of a Baron, and spent the night in dancing and singing; and early the following morning we rode to Tortosa, which is seated on the banks of the Ebro, whose meanderings fertilize the valley in which the city is situated, and which bears with great propriety the name of Huerta, or garden—the whole being covered with the productions that everywhere enrich Valencia.

For some leagues we travelled through one continued garden, bedecked with villages and villas, having the lofty towers of the churches of Tarragona to the east of us reflecting the rays of the setting sun. This rich plain is bounded on the left by mountains, and on the right by the sea.

In Tarragona we remained seven days, gene-

rously entertained by our respective landlords. I was billeted at the house of the *Baron of the Seven Towers*, a singular title, which was obtained still more singularly from Ferdinand on his return to Spain from his captivity, namely, on account of the Baron, who was at that time a *regidor*^a of the municipality, having presented him with a superb marchpane, in which seven towers were seen rising from the middle. He had two daughters, who had the fame of being very handsome, but were such devotees, that few could boast of ever having seen them. For my part, though I tried many ingenious stratagems for a whole week to gain a sight of them, we departed without my being able to effect my object.

The Governor of this place, Don Carlos España, contrary to his usual penurious disposition, entertained us several times. This man is one of the most eccentric originals, and at

^a Alderman.

the same time the most artful rogue that ever breathed. He is a Frenchman by birth, and entered the Spanish army as an adventurer, where after exerting his wits in various ways for several years, he obtained the rank of Brigade General. He was so methodical in all his actions, and so fond of command, that even his domestic establishment was governed by military laws, framed by himself. He had a daughter fifteen years old, a very pretty and lively girl, called Pepita, whom he would condemn, whenever she transgressed those laws, to wear a stiff leathern collar made on purpose. The servants also were obliged to pay fines of six or eight reals, according to the fault committed. The animals themselves did not escape his authority; for his favorite horse was once condemned to eight days hard labour in carrying stones to the pier, because, when his master was going to pat his hind legs, he raised one with an intention, as the Governor thought, to kick him. His monkey too having accidentally broken two plates

while playing with him, was condemned to two hours' pillory in the public promenade for eight successive days. Having issued orders that the streets should be kept clean under penalty of ten reals fine for the first time, twenty for the second, and so on, he was in the habit of going every morning through every street in the town, accompanied by two soldiers, to see that his orders were obeyed. If he found even a cabbage leaf, the fine was rigorously exacted from the house whose business it was to keep that part clean ; and, to make it appear he derived no profits from the fines, he would give one or two reals to the soldiers before the people, pretending he gave them the whole. One morning in the course of these perambulations, seeing two women fighting, and tearing each other's hair—"Seize those women," said he to the soldiers, "and let us go to their houses." On reaching them, he entered their kitchens, and found some plates not yet washed.—"Women who are quarrelling at nine in the morning without

having their plates clean," said he, "ought to pay a fine," and he made each pay him ten reals.

But of all his eccentric and selfish traits, none is more characteristic than the manner in which his marriage was brought about. When only a Lieutenant, he feigned himself violently in love with a young heiress, belonging to one of those families of Mallorca, called "of the nine houses," distinguished for their wealth and birth. The lady, who really loved him, after serious opposition from her family, succeeded in obtaining their consent, and every arrangement being nearly concluded, they were shortly to be united. Meantime, however, a report reached his ears that some relation of his dear intended had laid claims to the property of her family; and that there was every probability of their losing the law-suit. Having ascertained the fact, he immediately feigned himself attacked with the *gota serena*, in which disorder, as my readers know, the persons affected do not see though

their eyes be open, and he put off his marriage till he should recover his sight. The young lady, anxious to show how sincere her affection for him was, and that such an accident could not shake it, pressed the marriage more than she had done before ; but he continued to amuse her day after day with the hope that he would soon be better, and then marry her,—till the cause was at last decided in her favour. Two days after this, the Lieutenant recovered his sight, and insisted on the wedding being celebrated on the third, which actually took place. .

By way of winding up this short sketch of such an original, I shall add, that when the Revolution of the Isla broke out, he was called to Madrid ; but on his arrival there, finding that the King wished to send him to Andalusia to take the command of the army against the Patriots, who he suspected would in the end triumph, he feigned himself very ill, and remained in bed, thus obliging the Government to send Freire instead. On the re-establishment of

the Constitution, he played off a mad fit; but seeing that its restoration lasted longer than he had calculated, he went to France, where the French Government furnished him with means to raise a faction in Navarre, from which province he was driven out, but returned when the French Bourbons resolved to tread under foot the laws and rights of nations.

Having taken leave of our Tarragona friends, with whose fair daughters some of my comrades left their hearts, we proceeded to Barcelona, on the left of which the country is extremely picturesque and wild. Lofty mountains bound almost the whole horizon, on whose prodigious sides one sees the conflict of industry and sterility, the plough having furrowed every path which is not absolutely inaccessible. Nothing can be more delightful, more lively, more luxuriant than the country adjacent to that capital, which is worthy in every respect of the notice of the traveller, and in which more activity and real industry prevails than in any city of Spain;

although the causes of idleness and depopulation which exist in Barcelona are quite as powerful as in the rest of the kingdom.

Here we meet at one and the same time with a beautiful scenery, every variety of cultivation, the bustle of industry, and all the luxuries of affluence. If to the charms of such a country be added, an atmosphere extremely pure, a fertile soil, a climate which without being intensely hot, favours the growth of all the productions of warmer regions, the means of instruction afforded by several literary societies, a theatre of anatomy, public libraries, a cabinet of natural history, which though but belonging to a private individual might excite the envy of many a sovereign, beautiful walks, an excellent theatre, at which the best Italian and Spanish singers are usually engaged, tertulias numerous and select, a large garrison, the varied society of foreigners who flock here in great numbers, and the different occupations of commerce and industry,—we shall be obliged to admit that

few cities in Europe offer such diversified pleasures as Barcelona.

In this city I was billeted at the house of the Marquis de Bercena, a man as prodigal of compliments and verbal offers as penurious in character, and mean in conduct. But I was not long flattered or annoyed by either, for as we were to make a considerable stay, I followed the example of the greatest part of my comrades, who asked and obtained leave of absence for different periods.

The desire of embracing Don Ignacio, Marienne, Raymundo, Don Lorenzo, and above all Isabella, was so irresistible, that I resolved to embark for Montpellier, where they were all waiting for some change to re-enter the land of their birth, which no Spaniard ever willingly abandons for a foreign country, either to seek honour, fortune or amusement.

CHAPTER XII.

Patience and sorrow strove
Which should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sun-shine and rain at once; their smiles and tears
Were like a better day.

King Lear.

AFTER two days' sail I landed at Cette, a pretty little port, four leagues from Montpellier, and where I immediately procured a conveyance to that beautiful city, which I reached in two hours time.

How shall I express the enrapturing pleasure I felt at seeing and embracing the dearest objects of my heart? In a moment I was surrounded by them all, and alternately closed in their arms. Tears of joy and the mute silence of rapture could alone express our feelings. Yet in the midst of these delicious emotions, the

alterations that care and anxiety had wrought in my father's countenance cut me to the heart. During the three years absence his hair had turned as white as snow, his eyes were sunk, his forehead wrinkled, he was grown thin and pale, and there was no longer in his look that cheerful serenity, which had diffused happiness around him. He seemed resigned to his fate, and now and then a solitary smile would enliven his countenance; but it soon gave place to his habitual melancholy, and sometimes to an expression of intense sorrow. Unfortunately the recital of our country's miseries was not calculated to dissipate those feelings; I was grieved to the soul to see a man whose life had been wholly spent in doing good, a prey to sorrow and indigence in his old age, when he ought to have been enjoying the fruits of his beneficent labours. I could never look at him, without cursing the despot who had been the cause of his misfortunes, and shedding tears at contemplating the recompense awarded to him, for having sacri-

ficed his fortune and lavished his children's blood to obtain Ferdinand's restoration to the throne of Spain.

Isabella, whose joy at my unexpected visit was inexpressible, told me all she had felt since our departure, all she had suffered from absence, and the hopes and fears by which her spirits had alternately been depressed and cheered ; while I in my turn related to her all my adventures, and the constancy of my feelings.

The lively and generous Marienne, who had from her own choice become a partner in my father's exile, and who at the time of the invasion, judging of the national character of the French by that of the unfeeling Dufrays, and similar wretches, abhorred the very name of Frenchman, having now had an opportunity of ascertaining their real character, began to entertain a better opinion of it, and even to find out some good qualities in them. To be sure, she did not much like their rapid transitions from one day loving *à la fureur*, and the next having

quite forgotten they had ever so done; nor did she greatly admire the vanity that prompted them to be always sounding their own praises, and finding nothing good or civilized out of France. But still she thought them extremely amusing, particularly when they strove to appear sentimental and sublime.

Raymundo too, found the French ladies a little too much *à la Julie*; though this was not the principal thing he disliked in them; his great objection being to those really strange artifices by which they seek to improve their personal appearance, and which, notwithstanding their care to conceal them, some little accident or other is always sure to reveal, often at the most unlucky moments for such an exposure.

My duties calling me back to Barcelona, I was obliged to give another parting embrace to the exiles, and hastening to Cette, whither I was accompanied by the whole party, embarked on board one of the coasting vessels that are daily

sailing backwards and forwards to the Spanish ports.

On the following day I landed safely at Barcelona, and took up my quarters at the house of an honest merchant, where I was more comfortably lodged, and better treated than at the house of his Señoria the Marquis de Bercena, or as Anton called him, the *Marquis del Garbanzo*,* because one morning he asked the servants for some water for me, and was told they could not give him a drop, as his Señoria always carried to his bed-room the key of the kitchen, where the water was also locked up, for fear they should steal the garbanzos, which he had counted out before they were put to soak for his *olla*.

The mourning for the queen being over, the Infanta Doña Louisa Carlota landed on the 15th of May amidst the shouts of an immense populace, the fire of the forts, and the music of

* A sort of pea very common in Spain, a certain quantity of which is always put in the *olla*.

the regiments garrisoned at Barcelona. She was received by the 'Marquis' of Monasterio, Mayordomo Mayor of the Infante Don Francisco, his Royal Highness's proxy on this solemn occasion, and then conducted to the cathedral, where the ceremony was performed.

In the evening, besides fire-works, illuminations, and other rejoicings, the immense saloon, called La Patacada, was thrown open. This place, which was built for the sole purpose of giving public balls, contains, without being inconveniently crowded, ten thousand people. It is open only during the three carnival months, and on very great occasions. At those times any one, whether noble or plebeian, dressed in mask or in plain clothes, though never in regimentals, and much less armed, has the liberty to go in, provided he pays a *peseta*;^{*} but during the eight days that the Infanta remained here every one was admitted *gratis*.

* A silver coin of about tenpence value.

After this, we set off for Madrid, receiving every where demonstrations of joy and good will from the inhabitants of the different cities on our way. In Aranjuez, the Infanta was received by her consort, who appeared very well pleased with her youth, beauty, and attractions, and on the following day we entered Madrid, where they were married with all the usual ceremonies.

We were now again in the palace, which since the death of the queen had reassumed its former dull and melancholy aspect. It seemed as if the terror caused by those baneful decrees which issued from it, was reflected back upon it, or as if the sullen and sinister looks cast by an injured and oppressed people on that royal residence, which might truly be called a prison, gave a similar expression to the countenances of its inmates. The whole of the Spanish court at this time was composed of young princes and princesses, who might have given life and added eclat to the pomp of royalty ; and yet, perhaps, there never was a court so gloomy and so devoid of every kind of gaiety and social intercourse.

The Infanta Doña Louisa Carlota, though a princess full of wit and vivacity, was of too violent and hasty a temper to influence or conciliate, like the late queen, the different members of the royal family ; as one instance among the many I could name, will show. She was very fond of riding on horseback, and one day, when I was on guard at the door of the King's apartments, she came running in, breathless and nearly choked with passion, followed by her husband, who entered the apartment almost at the same instant.—“What is the matter?” cried Ferdinand, bursting into a loud laugh.

“That Francisco, that wretch,” replied she, pointing to her husband, “will not allow me to ride out on horseback, and I come to ask your permission.”*

“How so?” returned the King.

“Because,” answered the Infante, “in the

* The Infantes themselves could never go out of the palace without first asking leave of the King.

state in which she now is,* some serious accident might be the consequence."

"Then," cried Ferdinand, "she shall stay at home."

The Infanta then rushed out of his apartment like a fury, stamped on the ground with her feet, tore her hair, cursed and swore in a most frightful manner, and shutting herself up in her own apartment, continued for more than an hour afterwards in the same strain, and in the course of that time twisted the necks of several canary birds, and three or four pigeons she had in her room ; all the efforts of her attendants being unable to restrain her.

Although not a day elapsed in which our absolute monarch did not find his fatal power combated by insurrection, the same system was continued, though the actors were almost hourly changed. The internal misery of the country, and the external contempt shown by every nation to its government, and above all the san-

* She was pregnant.

primary executions that took place daily, called for a reform of this total subversion of order and humanity. There was hardly a city in Spain that had not seen the fatal hurdle furrow the streets and the public squares. One conspiracy succeeded another, and often the general who caused the criminals to be executed was himself an accomplice. The throne stood on a volcano, and yet the infatuated despot who sat on it issued no orders but those dictated by ingratitude and revenge, and never extended his iron sceptre but to strike a fresh victim !

In the month of December, 1819, an extraordinary and mysterious affair occurred, which produced a deep sensation both in the capital and in the provinces, and the object of which was doubtless to hasten the revolution that broke out soon after. Almost all the army and militia chiefs throughout Spain received fictitious orders to march with their troops to various points of the Peninsula, while at the same time several promotions were made among

them, some being created Brigade-generals and others Field-marsbals. Even the Franciscan friars, who were holding a chapter in one of the cities of Andalusia, received instructions to transfer their sittings to another place. In short, a thousand changes were made, calculated to produce the most complete alteration in the whole system of things. All the seals and signatures of the King, ministers, inspectors, &c. were so well imitated, that it was by mere accident only the affair failed.

The colonel of the militia of Toledo received one of those orders, signed apparently by the Inspector General; but as he had been in Madrid with the Inspector, on the day corresponding with the date of the order, surprised at its not having been mentioned to him, he returned to the capital, to ascertain whether there was not some mistake in it. The astonishment of the Inspector equalled his own, and was not a little increased by the letters of thanks he and the ministers received from several other chiefs, who had already put on their

general's sash, and sent out invitations to their friends to celebrate their promotion. Immediately expresses were sent to every city in the kingdom to countermand those orders, and direct the governors to collect them. Upon close examination they were found to be all counterfeits, the envelope of one excepted, which was in the hand writing of Vargas, Secretary of Inspection, who, notwithstanding his well known attachment to the cause of anarchy and servilism, was in consequence shut up in solitary confinement.

The authors of this singular and ingeniously contrived transaction were never discovered, although very high rewards were offered by government, and many imprisonments followed in consequence.

I and many others, equally unconcerned with it, were arrested immediately after the discovery, and confined in the prison of our barracks, which is used for state prisoners; but after three weeks' solitary confinement, during which I

underwent several idle examinations, my interrogators being well aware I knew nothing of the matter, I was set free, and re-entered into the exercise of my duties, as if nothing had happened. I made, however, every enquiry to discover my accuser, and found that Don Facundo, who from the time of my arrival at the capital till my return with the Infanta Doña Louisa Carlota, had been engaged on several missions, both in various parts of the Peninsula and out of it, had returned to Madrid. This fact alone was enough for me, and I looked no further for persecutors. I knew that, even during the time of his absence, he had written to the Duke de Alagon to have me dismissed from the corps, both on account of professing liberal opinions and of being a nameless foundling; but the Duke, who since my admission into the corps had treated me very kindly, and who knew and despised Don Facundo's intriguing spirit, showed me his letter, and promised never to listen to his suggestions.

A few days after my release from prison, the news reached Madrid, that the standard of liberty had been hoisted in the Isla, by the troops who were assembled there to carry chains and slavery to Spanish America. It is impossible to describe the consternation into which this news threw every partisan of absolute power. Their fears were evident from the discourses, sermons, proclamations, and placards they published; while at the same time they strove to make the attempt of the Isla appear contemptible in the eyes of the people.

“ A handful of traitors, freemasons, infidels, heretics and jacobins,” said one of these placards, “ taking advantage of the lenity of our paternal government, wish to oppose their impotent efforts to the zeal which animates every Spaniard in favour of his King and religion. Those miscreants would fain subvert the most wholesome principles, and truths the most evident, to substitute their poisonous doctrines, and abominable

chimeras. They would fain overturn the throne and the altar, to raise on their ruins the idols of anarchy and impiety. But there is nothing to be feared from their guilty attempt. Let us only unite and rise en masse to exterminate its authors, or bring them to the scaffold, there to expiate their enormous crimes before the eyes of the whole people."

In the same manner nothing was heard in the pulpits but curses, and anathemas on the poor liberals, and exhortations to the people to exterminate them all.

As I was curious to examine with my own eyes the effect produced by the news of the insurrection on the minds of the peasantry, I rode frequently out of Madrid. I could observe some fermentation even among those passive and apathetic beings, whose passions the monks and priests tried to rouse by every artifice in their power. In a small village near Madrid I met a friar who had hired its pulpit from the father

guardian of his convent, to whom he paid an annual sum of one hundred and fifty ducats, and from which he cleared double that sum himself. Whenever he went there to preach, he found a bed at the house of the syndic, where he was entertained like a prince. On this father hearing of the insurrection, he caused large placards to be posted up at the door of the church, calling upon every sinner to perform penance, and offering in the ardour of his zeal to confess even the liberals themselves! On the day I was there, he made himself hoarse by exhorting those ignorant men to arm themselves against the libertines. He stamped, and struck the desk with his clenched fists, and foamed and roared in such a frightful manner that he terrified away half his congregation, closing his discourse by telling the remaining part, that until he saw them all ready to march against the liberals, they should not have the benefit of his prayers. After this, he descended the pulpit, made his

collections, sold the corn the pious had given him for the convent, loaded three donkeys with all sorts of provisions, also furnished by the faithful, mounted his fine mule, and rode off to mortify himself with his fair penitent, who lived in a neighbouring village.

CHAPTER XIII.

———He who contends for freedom,
Can ne'er be justly deemed his sovereign's foe:
No! 'tis the wretch who tempts him to subvert it,
The soothing slave, the traitor in the bosom,
Who best deserves that name; he is a worm
That eats out all the happiness of kingdoms.

— THOMSON.

ABOUT this time the heroic Don Raphael del Riego had left the camp in which his troops had entrenched themselves, at the head of only fifteen hundred men, and though pursued by troops ten times more numerous, commanded by experienced generals, he gallantly kept the field, every lover of his country hoping that his noble efforts in favour of our rights and liberties would meet with the success they deserved. Six weeks elapsed in breathless anxiety about the

fate of his column, which, by well combined marches and counter-marches across many leagues of country, to raise the Spaniards from their apathy, he succeeded in saving.

Acevedo in Galicia, following the example of his brothers in arms of the Isla, cast the second stone at the throne of the despot, and was imitated by various other chiefs in other provinces.

The fermentation in the capital became every day more apparent, while the countenances of the courtiers expressed terror, anxiety and surprise almost ludicrous, since this was no more than they had long had every reason to expect. Those, however, who, more liberal or clear-sighted, saw the storm approach, cast a jeering look at the worshippers of the idol of despotism, and showed no pity for the terrors of the anxious Camarilla.

Ferdinand's agitation and apprehensions are indescribable. He interrogated every one who arrived from those parts where the insurrection

was spreading.—“ Will it become serious?—send Castaños, España, or any other general.”

“ Sire,” said the minister of war, “ Galicia, too, is in arms, and Navarre and Aragon are also rising,”

“ Have you no troops to send there then?”

“ None, Sir.”

“ And why have you not? I ought to have *you* hanged rather than the rebels. Away from my presence.”

After six years of misrule, the voice of revolt, that faithful, yet always unexpected counterpoise of absolute power, reached his ears for the first time. It was only now he learned, by the evils that threatened him, the calamities of a people driven to madness by the abuse of those monstrous pretensions bequeathed to him by his ancestors,—of disposing without control of the destiny of millions of rational beings, among whom he alone had the free enjoyment of the sacred rights of our nature!—Now, however,

power was re-entering its channel, and he began to find himself, alone, against a whole people.

On the 3d of March, Ferdinand sent Abisbal against the patriots, having first embraced him and presented him before the whole court with a purse of gold. Yet this traitor, well aware that his efforts in favour of absolutism would be quite useless, declared himself for the Constitution the very day on which he received those marks of royal favour.

Ballesteros, a man no less perfidious than Abisbal, though a deeper hypocrite and a more artful knave, having written a letter to the king at the moment the Revolution of the Isla broke out, in which he begged "to be sent against the rebels of the Isla, were it only as a private soldier," was sent for from Valladolid, where he was in a kind of banishment, and on the 6th was invested with the chief command of the Army of the Centre. The people highly applauded this nomination, for at that moment

they saw in him only a victim of despotism, who during the six years' misrule had suffered many slights and persecutions. It is only lately they have discovered the duplicity of this general's character, and the pride and ambition which have always been the main springs of his actions. They imagined that the next step would be to call the Cortes together; but seeing this was protracted beyond the term of their expectation, an immense crowd of people surrounded the royal palace, and with loud cries, demanded no longer the Cortes, but the Constitution of 1812.

On the 7th our guard in the palace was doubled, and our brigadiers, who were all ultraserviles, were constantly coming in and out, frequently accompanied by the king himself, exhorting us to be loyal. "Can I confide in you?" enquired Ferdinand anxiously, every time he came in. "Yes, your Majesty may, till the last drop of our blood," cried some of my comrades, and with these assurances he

thought he might still refuse to yield to the wishes of the people, who were vociferating for the Constitution in the square of the palace.

One of the brigadiers, a man of extremely penurious disposition, ordered all sorts of generous wines and liquors to be brought in, the best way, as he thought, of keeping up the spirits and loyalty of the *zaganetes*.—"To-night, gentlemen," said he, "no one ought to close his eyes. All must keep watch, sword in hand. The king, the throne, and the altar, are our watch-word."

At about nine o'clock, Ballesteros, who had gone to visit the barracks to ascertain how far the troops were disposed to act in favour of absolute power, returned to the palace, and informed the king, there was not one among them on whom reliance could be placed, as their only watch-word now was "the Constitution."—"But," cried Ferdinand, "I have my guards. Those at least may be relied on, and something might be done with their assistance."

Ballesteros, who saw that nothing but the Constitution would satisfy the people, and now wished to render himself more popular, rather than "march against the rebels, were it even as a private soldier," assured the king it was idle to imagine that five hundred men could force a whole nation to alter their minds; "but," added he, pulling out of his pocket a list of a hundred and fifty guardias, who had openly declared for the Constitution, "here is a list which diminishes even that number, small as it is."

It was now that Ferdinand began seriously to reflect on the critical situation in which he stood; and whenever the vociferations outside the palace increased, he renewed his consultations with the Infantes and his Camarilla about the propriety of assembling the Cortes. The Infante Don Carlos advised him not; adding, that, were he king, he would sooner suffer the people to pass over his murdered body than yield one of his regal attributes. The Infante

Don Francisco, on the contrary, advised him to swear at once to the Constitution, and submit to the will of the nation, as otherwise greater calamities might be the consequence. The members of the Camarilla trembled, and shrugged their shoulders, unable to give their master any advice.

Opinions thus divided, Ferdinand hesitated a long time, unwilling to give up the beloved idol of his heart, till at last his fears got the better even of his love of absolute power, and to quell the commotion that was hourly increasing, and every moment threatened destruction to the palace, he caused several orders to be drawn out, in which he subscribed to the will of the nation, and sent us with them to several parts of the city.

I was commissioned to carry a copy of this decree to the printing office, and as I traversed on horseback the square of the palace, which was crowded to excess with people bearing lighted torches, I waved the paper I held in my

hand, announcing to them it was a royal promise. Their ranks immediately opened to allow me a passage, amidst shouts of *Viva, Viva*, and their wrath in a moment vanishing, they all retired to their homes.

Next day an immense multitude of people presented themselves before the palace to shout *Vivas* to the Constitutional King, to the Constitution, and to Ballesteros. The king showed himself at his balcony, but as usual, accompanied by the Duke de Alagon. At this the people showed marks of disapprobation, and one of them cried out, "What! your majesty accompanied by that old scoundrel!—Death to the Duke de Alagon, to Montenegro, to Chamorro, to Vargas!"

"I say, Paco,"^a said the king to the duke, in a laughing tone, "Do you hear that? Well, take to your heels, and tell the others to do the same."

On that very day they all left the palace, dis-

^a Paco is the familiar name for Francis.

missed by their royal master, with jokes, scoffs, and jeers!

In the course of the morning I accompanied Ballesteros in the performance of a duty the most gratifying to my heart, and the noblest and most worthy a true soldier, of any that had fallen to my lot since my entrance into service. This was, to throw open the doors of the Inquisition, and of the public prisons, in which the most ardent lovers of their country were pining in chains.

At the same time another of our guards presented himself to the people with a book of the Constitution in his hand, and went about haranguing them, and recommending obedience to the laws contained in our sacred code. The crowd who followed him enquired of another guardia, what was the orator's name. "*Trompetazo*,"* cried our comrade, and the multitude

* A nick-name we had given him, because once instead of saying *golpe de clarin*, a flourish of a trumpet, he said *trompetazo*, a blow with a trumpet.

shouted with one accord, "Viva Trompetazo, and let us go where he directs us."—"Where do you wish to go, gentlemen?" cried he. "To the Duke de Alagon's," replied some of the crowd. "Very well; but I recommend above all things, order."—"You will only allow each of us to throw a stone at his window," cried they; and they were about ten thousand in number. "No, gentlemen," replied he very seriously, "I will not allow any such thing."—"Then," returned they, "you surely will not object to our killing Chamorro and Montenegro, those two palace rats, who have been eating up the people's bread?"—"Gentlemen, let us kill nobody; but long live the Constitution, and long live the people!" In this way he went on amusing the crowd, and preventing disorders.

In the afternoon the King and the Infantes went as usual to the promenade, and that same people who had received so many outrages and insults at their hands, hailed them with shouts of approbation and joy, particularly the Infante

Don Francisco, whom they wished to carry about in triumph ; but who would not allow it, afraid to attract still more the hatred of his two brothers, who already showed him some ill-will for the judicious advice he had given on the previous night. Thus did the Spanish people repay by grateful kindness the oppression they had suffered from the despot, whom a breath of theirs might have whirled from his throne, had they not been as generous as he had been cruel and tyrannical.

At seven o'clock the king had not yet given positive orders respecting his swearing to the constitution, notwithstanding his solemn promise ; and the people, finding themselves mocked, flocked in immense numbers to the palace, and demanded loudly that he should immediately take his oath to it. Every moment the murmur in the street became deeper, and as news after news arrived of the progress of the Insurrection, especially at a little distance from the capital, it grew into peremptory cries.

For some day's past, city after city had given in their adherence to the constitution, and the troops sent against the patriots had joined their ranks. Several corps of constitutionalists, it was said, were marching upon the capital, and were every instant expected to enter it. At this intelligence the ferment became most alarming, and a deputation was sent by the people to the king's apartments, while the great mass remained at the gates of the palace, to request his immediate oath to the constitution.

The king, finding it was not prudent openly to refuse his consent, promised to comply with their wishes; but no sooner was the deputation out of sight, than he again hesitated and delayed. Soon, however, the angry shouts of the multitude roused him to the whole danger of his situation. Yet even then he must shuffle as long as he could, and if possible, be absolute king one night more; he, therefore, requested Ballesteros to harangue the people, which he did in the same square of the palace. At first

they would listen to nothing ;—they had been so often disappointed and deceived.—“ Do you trust in me ?” cried the general—“ Yes.”—“ Then I give you my word that his majesty shall swear to the constitution early to-morrow morning ; for now it is too late for him to do it with the pomp that such a solemn act demands.”—“ Meanwhile,” cried some of the people, “ he shall do it provisionally.”—To this the king subscribed, and he took his oath accordingly.

Till this moment I had remained faithful to the oaths I had taken when I first entered the body-guards ; but now that I saw the chief of the nation swear before his God and the people, to observe the Code which guaranteed our rights, and which had once been sanctioned by the European sovereigns, I seized our standard, and, followed by several of my comrades, went to our barracks also to swear allegiance to it. Several of our chiefs would not allow us to go through the ceremony ; but as they had no right now to interfere, we succeeded at last in our object.

Between nine and ten, all the guardias received orders to mount their horses, and keep themselves in readiness to act on the defensive. We remained till twelve o'clock thus armed, in no very enviable situation, some shouting, "the constitution for ever," and others, "long live the absolute king," and every moment ready to fall on each other. At mid-night precisely an order came from the palace, requiring all our brigades provisionally to swear to the constitution, which order, though resisted by some, was at last complied with, after which we retired.

On the following morning at nine, we again mounted our horses, and proceeded to the Prado, whither all the other troops of the capital repaired. In the middle of the Prado, a table had been placed, on which lay the book of the Evangelists, and at the head of it stood the high dignitary who administered the oath to the generals and chiefs of the troops assembled there. Then Ballesteros, as general-in-chief, proceeded to take our oath of allegiance to the

constitution, after which we all filed off amidst the liveliest demonstrations of joy from an immense multitude of people, to pass under the palace windows, where the king also took his oath in the presence of his council, ministers, and public functionaries. In the evening the town was brilliantly illuminated, and the night spent in feasts and rejoicing, the people and the soldiery embracing each other, and pouring out libations in honor of the happy event.

Thus our constitution was restored with scarcely any assistance from military bayonets,—much less from assassination and perjury. Not one drop of blood stained this brilliant page of our history, although the enemies of their country made several attempts to force the liberals to acts of blood, and set them in more instances than one a sanguinary example. Cadiz saw four hundred of its citizens murdered in cold blood by a royalist soldiery, and in other cities some individuals also fell a sacrifice.

Spain, with more grievances to redress than

England or France, showed herself more magnanimous than either,—like the lion that is her emblem, she spared when she could have torn her enemies to pieces. Instead of making captives, she showed those whose fetters she had knocked off. What a noble spectacle was that of a whole nation passing from the most abject slavery to the most complete liberty, without overthrowing one single stone of the social edifice—the deserving children of the country, holding out their arms to their most cruel persecutors,—the enthusiasm of thousands, flushed victory and joy, kept within the strictest bounds of moderation,—errors, insults, calumnies, acts of despotism and oppression, crimes the most atrocious, all forgotten at the moment when even vengeance would have been at least excusable.*

* What a contrast that epoch offers to the counter revolution brought about by foreign bayonets, and the kings of Europe! All the evils that can afflict society seem to have been then let loose on unhappy Spain,—and yet those monarchs style that horrid state of anarchy, order and government!

That gloomy veil which despotism and the Inquisition had thrown over every public and private society was now torn asunder. The words *Patria, Libertad, Constitucion*, resounded every where, and caused every heart to glow with the purest joy. Inspired by so many delightful emotions, it seemed as if every Spaniard had inhaled a new life, or just emerged from a dungeon where he had been loaded with chains.— The hope of that sweet social intercourse between men, that exchange of ideas, offices, and civilities, that assemblage of elegant and refined pleasures, which exist only in countries where the blessings of liberty are enjoyed, began to light up the countenance of every one of my countrymen. We now dared to breathe the fresh air of a summer's evening, to enjoy the beauties of nature, to assemble, converse freely, and be merry. Not so before; two men could not meet without exciting the suspicions of power, and being treated like conspirators. We then saw in every man who spoke to us a familiar of the

holy office, or a spy of government. Even when alone in our apartments and in the midst of our family circle, and frequently when in our beds, we were startled at a knock,—hark!—a knock!—Heavens!—who can this be?—The theatres likewise assumed a more noble tone; the pieces now played were no longer *Juana la Rabicortona*, *el Diluvio*, or *el Diablo predicador*. Under the auspices of liberty they breathed those elevated or tender sentiments which thrill a generous heart, and inspire it to noble deeds of honor and patriotism.

To these pleasurable sensations others were joined equally delightful. Spain opened now her bosom to the thousands of unfortunate exiles who, for so many years, had wandered in poverty and neglect in foreign lands. They were now returning to enjoy, without the fear of fresh persecutions, the sweets of home and the smiles of their families and friends. It was not long before I received letters from Don Ignacio announcing his arrival at Valladolid, in company with the

Marquis and Isabella, and expressing their wish to embrace me there.

This call I most gladly obeyed, and there being no longer any thing that could induce me to continue in the guards, I exchanged into a cavalry regiment that was stationed at Valladolid, and set off accompanied by Anton in a coche de colleras.

CHAPTER XIV

The heavy hours are almost past,
That part my love and me ;
My longing eyes may hope at last,
Their only wish to see.

Song.—LYTTLETON.

AMONG our travelling companions was a grave licenciado, who during the last six years had been a *pretendiente*^a at court for the place of Alcalde Mayor of Medina del Campo. His political principles were such as might have been expected from his late occupation, and the long pig's tail tied to his periwig. He considered the re-establishment of the constitution as the worst calamity that could possibly have occurred, particularly as it was just at a moment when he flattered himself he was on the point of obtaining the object of his ambition.

^a A place-hunter.

He was now returning to his native village, there to curse the constitutionalists, "those enemies of God and the throne,"—as he emphatically called them. He now sat in a corner of the coach as immoveable as a stone block. Wholly absorbed in his melancholy reveries, he seemed neither to see Anton's mirth, nor hear the witty jokes he passed upon him.

"Master," said he to me, "how do you like our friend the licenciado's lively conversation? Would you not think he had been a judge ever since the time of Noah?"

The licenciado fixed his sullen eyes steadfastly on Anton, and sent forth such a deep sigh, as even discomposed the gravity of my other fellow travellers.—"Gad!" exclaimed Anton, "what do you call that? By Saint Nicholas! that is no longer a sigh, it has the honor of being a groan. A few more of them, and we shall soon be wafted to the other side of the Guadarrama."

The licenciado scorning to take notice of Anton's observations, continued silent, and soon

after treated us with another groan. "Señor Alcalde Mayor," cried Anton again, "I fancy you have taken the mules under your protection; for whilst they run thus before the wind, they will carry us on with little or no labour. Pray, Señor Ronquillo," continued he, seeing he still kept silent, "since you have lost your suit, would it not be better for you to build some wind-mills in your village? They need not stop for want of wind, and I suspect that God has blessed you with better natural abilities for a miller than a judge."

This was too much for the grave licenciado. —"Insolent fellow!" cried he half stifled with rage, "'tis well for him that there is no longer in the country king or religion to punish such insolence;—but these horrors are the natural consequences of public corruption, to which the victory of the jacobins has led us. All respect of persons is lost, the laws are every where infringed, every thing is overthrown, and I see no remedy but one."

I observed that from time immemorial the Andaluzians had enjoyed the privilege of acting every where as *graciosos*,^a and saying witty things, or if he pleased impertinent banterings, and that never was such insolence more in vogue among servants and mozos than in those times which he so much regretted, as his Majesty himself had been foremost in encouraging it.

“ All is overthrown with that accursed Constitution,” cried he without listening to what I said, “ and the proof of it is, that I am now sitting here instead of being on the bench of justice, as I certainly should have been, had not the enemies of God and the throne brought about those detestable plans, hatched in their masonic dens.”

“ Recollect,” said I, “ that you are speaking with one, who, according to the sacred oaths he has taken, cannot patiently listen to that seditious language. Your king has voluntarily

^a Clowns on the stage.

sworn to the Constitution, and moreover has ordered you to do the same. If with you the words of a king be laws, obey them, and teach others, by your example, how to respect both yourself and them."

"In the first place," cried the *licenciado*, "I can speak what I please, for there is now liberty in Spain. In the second place, I deny that our lord and master the king ever took his oath spontaneously. In the third place —"

"In the third place," cried Anton, interrupting him, "your *Señoría* will allow me to say, that I myself saw with these very eyes, and while I was both sober and awake, the king take a solemn oath to observe the Constitution, without any one putting a dagger to his breast. Compelled to swear!—do you mean to insinuate?—Zounds! ought he not to die sooner? Was I not myself made a prisoner by the French, and taken to the Prado to be shot, because I would not take my oath to king Pepe, of blessed memory, though they offered me my life if I

did? Why should he not have done the same? The One above would have protected him, as he protected me, if his cause was good."

"In the third place," continued the licenciado, affecting to despise Anton's reasonings, "a man of my importance, in whose veins flows the only blue blood now to be found in Spain, not excepting that of their Majesties, to be under the necessity of obeying other laws than those made by our Master and Lord the king! It would be an unheard of infamy. I will not submit to it, were I certain that my head were to fall under your sabre."

"You need not be afraid of that," cried I, "for I will not employ it in such work."

"In such dirty work, you ought to say," cried Anton, "for I myself would be the first to indite you before the tribunals, for having committed a *burricidio*."

"There is no longer any morality in the

• *Anglice, Donkeycide.*

country!" ejaculated the disappointed licenciado in a tone of despair.

On our arrival at Olmedo, the distant sound of trumpets announced the approach of some cavalry corps, and the inhabitants came running out of their houses to meet the troops with cries of "Long live the Constitution." "Long live the Constitutional King." But in the square the peasants, intimidated by the alcalde, a well-known servile, and by a friar who had been violently preaching during Lent the extermination of the liberals, began to retrace their steps, when the curate of the village made his appearance in the opposite street, accompanied by several young men shouting "the Constitution for ever!" and playing fifes and tamborins. Suddenly he was surrounded by them all, and whilst the preacher and the alcalde made their retreat to prophecy evils and calamities to the country, they followed the curate's example, and hailed the squadron, who now

entered the great square with their green and red ribbons floating from every cap, and shouting "Viva la Patria, Viva la Constitucion."

As the troops approached nearer, I was agreeably surprised to find that their commanding officer was no other than Raymundo. As soon as he recognized me, he leaped from his horse, and enclosed me in his arms. The first greetings over, he informed me that when the cry of liberty was raised in the Isla, he quitted France, and with several friends, formed a constitutional guerilla in Aragon, where he continued till Mina, escaping from Paris, arrived at Navarre, when they joined him. "But," added he, "we had been only a few days there, when the Constitution being proclaimed every where amidst public rejoicings, I set off to embrace our dear mother and sisters. The pleasure of meeting was soon heightened by the arrival of our father. The confiscation of his property was then annulled; but his house in town

had been so much neglected, that it was quite uninhabitable. We, therefore, were obliged to repair to Cigales, where all our friends and acquaintances flocked to congratulate him upon his return. For more than three weeks the house was crowded with people. At night it had more the appearance of a bivouac than of a family residence. These demonstrations were very gratifying to us all, and if any thing could compensate for the six years' exile which my father had endured, and for the severe and irrecoverable losses he had sustained, it was the respect and attention shewn him on this occasion. On our return to Valladolid, I was intrusted with the command of this squadron, and as my duty is to see the Constitution properly observed, I arrived here for that purpose."

The alcalde, accompanied by the notary, who was as great a servile as the other, now arrived on the spot, bearing in his hand a long switch, the badge of office, and making profound bows. "We congratulate your Señoría on your arrival

at our village," said the alcalde to Raymundo, "and shall be most proud in furnishing your troops with what your Señoria may please to demand. Your Señoria will be sure to find us always ready to serve you, and the honest men who accompany you."

"Less words and more deeds," cried Raymundo, displeased at the fellow's duplicity. "All that my *Señoria* wants, since you seem so fond of the title, is obedience to the laws sworn to by the king. I have been informed of your efforts to excite the peaceable inhabitants to sedition, and I shall not allow public tranquillity to be thus disturbed by you."

"I am sure," said the Alcalde, "your Señoria must have been misinformed ; for certainly I am the last person to excite people against the lawful government.—Is it not so ?" added he, turning to the group of peasants who stood gazing on.

This appeal was not quite so successful as he expected ; for although they did not openly contradict him, their silence and an incredulous

shake of the head showed they questioned the truth of his assertion.

At this stage of affairs the coach being ready to depart, I gave another embrace to Raymundo, and set off for Valladolid, which we reached the evening of the same day.

Dissimilar in this respect to Raymundo, who delighted in taking those he loved by surprise, I sent Anton home, previously to my appearing before our family, to warn them of my arrival, so that when I reached our house, I met them all at the door, anxiously waiting for me. Every thing I loved was in that group. I hardly knew which to embrace first; but my first impulse was to extend one hand to Isabella, while with the other arm I pressed to my bosom my beloved Doña Teresa, whom I had not seen for so many years, and by turns the rest, reserving my last embrace for the dearest of all.

The joy we all felt for the happiness of this meeting could at first only be expressed by silence and tears; but they flowed now without bitter-

ness; unalloyed by those feelings which on former occasions had disturbed us.

Our happy prospects gave Isabella's countenance a cheerfulness that diffused itself through all her words and actions, and the day after my arrival, while we were by ourselves, transported with the tender demonstrations of her joy, I pressed her hand to my lips, and as I warmly expressed my happiness and gratitude for her tenderness, I involuntarily bent one knee to the ground,—when I felt some one tapping me gently on the shoulder. I started up, and my eyes met those of Don Lorenzo. Fearful of having given him offence, I cast a look on Isabella, and my apprehensions quickly vanished, on seeing her screening a smile with her forefinger.—“How devout you return from court!” said the marquis with a smile.

“It is,” replied I, “that having been no less devout when I went, I am overjoyed at finding my deity equally favourable to me, and cannot help expressing my gratitude thus fervently.”

“ But,” enquired the marquis again, “ is there no altar before which you might offer more solemn vows to your divinity ?”

“ Ah !” exclaimed I, “ there is ; but I fear that happiness will never be mine. There are obstacles, perhaps insurmountable, and you, Don Lorenzo, do not know”

“ Yes,” cried he interrupting me, “ I know them, and, moreover, know all that can be said on the subject ; but I am willing to waive all those considerations. You have given complete satisfaction both to your friends and your country. If you cannot show a long list of ancestry, or even a name, I am well content to find instead honor and goodness of heart. These alone would, in my opinion, entitle you to our consideration ; but the services you have rendered me and our Isabella lay us under still greater obligations to you, and call for a recompense. Her hand, therefore, as far as it concerns me, is yours, if she herself find you deserving of it.”

As he spoke these last words, my heart seemed to bound in my bosom, yet I involuntarily trembled, as I turned my eyes towards Isabella. She was evidently as much moved as myself, but stretching out her hand to me—"Yes," said she with an enchanting smile, and her eyes beaming with the purest affection, "he is deserving of it."

CHAPTER XV.

Eventful day ! how hast thou changed my state !

Douglas.

Happily I have arriv'd at last,

Unto the wished heaven of my bliss.

The Taming of the Shrew.

SHORTLY after my arrival at Valladolid, I was made commandant of the cavalry squadron stationed there, and publicly took my oath to defend the constitution to the last drop of my blood.

This ceremony took place in the Campo Grande,* at twelve o'clock. All the military were under arms, and an immense crowd of people surrounded the troops. The long file of

* A vast promenade within the city walls.

veterans assembled there with all the officers, both of the national militia and regular army ; the sound of the trumpets and the music of the regiments playing patriotic hymns ; the sight of my parents, sisters, friends, and my beloved Isabella among the spectators ; the great and sacred obligations I was going to enter into ; all these novel and awful circumstances excited in my soul a feeling of enthusiasm, which it is impossible to define.

I unsheathed my sword, and passing under the national colours that floated in the air, uttered in a loud voice the oath by which I consecrated my life to the defence of our sacred code and the constitutional king, and then kissed the unfurled standard with that deep emotion which our hearts feel when we solemnly pledge our honor with all the ardour of patriotism, and in the sincerity of our souls. The crowd, attentive to this sacred ceremony, seemed as much moved as myself, and I saw tears flow down my father's venerable cheeks.—The cries

of "Long live the constitution,"—"Long live the Constitutional King,"—"Long live its brave defenders," rent the air for a long time, and seemed to proceed from every heart as sincerely as they did from mine.

From this moment I entered upon my rights and duties with a new pleasure; and at length the happy day of our marriage arrived, and the joy of every member of my family was complete. The servants, too, and Anton in particular, took a lively interest in this joyful event. He had come repeatedly to my room to congratulate me, but finding me always engaged, had been obliged to withdraw to his great mortification, without saying what he wanted. At last he found me disengaged.—"Blessed be my stars!" exclaimed he, "that I find you alone."

"Well, Anton, what is it you want, then?"

"Only to tell you not to be surprised if I go mad to-day; for the joy I feel makes my head turn round and round like a top; and if the wish of seeing the wedding did not keep my

DON ESTEBAN ; OR,

. gs as firm and straight as the steeple of La Antigua,* you would have seen it flying about the house like a gad-fly."

" I am very glad something keeps it upon your shoulders. But I wonder, Anton, why *you* should think the marriage state so happy. It appears to me you have no very strong reasons to recommend it."

" The fact is," cried Anton, " it's not my vocation, and besides your marriage is an exception to the rule. I mean it will be so. If every man was like you, saving your presence, and every woman like my lady Doña Isabella, I would turn marriage missionary."

" I have no doubt you would make very pretty sermons, and still less doubt, that in certain places you would make many converts ; but you have strange ideas to-day in your head, Anton. Where did you hear of a matrimony preacher ?"

* A Church in Valladolid, which has a remarkable high steeple.

“ No where, and I don’t pretend to say there is one. No, faith ! There are preachers for ever other sacrament but that ; and I don’t wonder at it ; for how can those reverend fathers preach it, who have trampled matrimony under foot, looking upon the poor daughters of Eve as upon so many vipers ? Thanks to nature we don’t want their assistance, otherwise we might soon say, “ farewell ye noble race of the Goths ! ”

“ Well, since you are such an advocate for it yourself, will you go to the curate’s and inform him we shall be at the church in half an hour’s time ? ”

“ With all my heart, though I assure you I had many good things to say upon the subject.”

On entering the drawing-room, where the company were to assemble, I found the greatest part of our guests already there, who no sooner saw me than they all surrounded me, and each congratulated me in his own way on my ap-

proaching happiness. Having thanked them for the interest they showed for my welfare, I advanced towards my lovely bride, who was surrounded by my sisters and female guests. Her elegant and graceful figure was set off to advantage by the most tasteful simplicity of dress, and her sweet countenance, one moment rather paler than usual, the next glowing with blushes, appeared to me more beautiful and interesting than ever, and my heart beat quick with a thousand delightful sentiments, as I took her hand to lead her to the carriage. After us followed Don Lorenzo, Doña Teresa, Don Ignacio, and the rest of the family, and also the friends who had been invited. The same order was observed in the carriages as they moved slowly towards the church of San Pedro.

“At last after so many bitter disappointments,” said I to my beloved bride, as we drew nearer the church, “my most ardent wishes, my fondest hopes are realized — But, hark !”

It was the sound of the trumpet calling the

soldiers to arms, and presently the officer on duty came galloping up towards our carriage. "Commandant," cried he, "the rebel curate Merino with his band is close to the city, and threatens an instant attack."

Isabella's cheek turned pale, and her hand dropped on her bosom. "My beloved," cried I, clasping her in my arms, "be not alarmed. In a few hours, at most, I shall be with you again, and our happiness shall then be completed."

Saying this, I pressed her lips against mine, and we parted once more. Hastily changing my bridal dress for my regimentals, I mounted my horse, and having joined my men, who were all assembled near the gate of Santa Clara on the road of Burgos, we left the city amidst cries of "Long live the Constitution,"—"Death to the rebels."

At about half a league from Valladolid the troops of the curate were seen ranged in battle

line on a height that commands a view of the city. Their numbers were doubly superior to ours, yet at the very first charge they abandoned their posts, and fled with the utmost speed. During the whole of that day we followed them up and down the hills till we came to Dueñas, where we took up our quarters for the night.

Early next day we set off in the direction of Palencia, towards a little village, in which (as we learned) the curate had halted and collected the remnant of his men. There, having succeeded in surprising him, we planned our attack so well, that very few of the rebels escaped, among whom, however, was Merino himself, who always kept his horse ready saddled. Having ordered every house in the village to be searched, several of the rebels were found hid in different places; and presently the peasant, who had given us the above information, came and whispered in my ear, that he was certain we should find concealed in the house of the notary,

a great man whom he had lately seen with Merino, and who was to be President of the Apostolical Junta.

I immediately repaired thither, and after a diligent search, to my great surprise, discovered Don Facundo Torrealva, concealed in the wine cellar. At the sight of this implacable enemy of mine and of every thing that was dear to me, I felt my blood curdle in my veins. In the first impulse of indignation I had unsheathed my sword. But he was a prisoner and in my power. This checked my excited wrath; and I had afterwards abundant reason to rejoice that I had exerted this self controul. As for him, he appeared so much depressed by his misfortune, that he neither spoke nor raised his eyes from the ground.

On arriving with our prisoners at Valladolid, we found the news of our success had reached there before us, and an immense crowd received us with greetings and acclamations, about half a mile from the gate of St. Clara.

Here we were also met by the municipality with the corregidor at their head. He was preceded by two heralds ; two alguaciles with their switches rode beside him, and the other members of the municipality followed behind, accompanied by several gentlemen on horseback. The soldiers of the national militia lined each side of the streets from the gate to the Plaza Mayor. The balconies were crowded with fair spectators waving their white handkerchiefs, fans, and green ribbons, and pronouncing blessings on our triumphal march.

When the enthusiasm attending our reception had a little subsided, we all retired to our homes ; and here I met our friends again, and received the embraces of the rest of the family. But amid this general joy, the imprisonment of Don Facundo threw a look of sorrow over Don Lorenzo's countenance. His kindness and benevolence, obliterating from his mind the miseries and persecutions which he had endured from Don Facundo, made him dwell only on

the danger and privations to which he was exposed.

The Marquis, however, to alleviate as much as possible the misery of Don Facundo's situation, visited his prison, furnished him with every thing that could render confinement less wretched, and even endeavoured to sooth the deep melancholy by which he appeared overcome.

Under these circumstances it was unavoidable to defer for some days our long protracted union ; for we could not think of rejoicings while our hearts shared in Don Lorenzo's grief.

On the third day after Don Facundo's confinement, a message from him came to our house, requesting Don Lorenzo and myself to repair to the prison without one minute's delay. We hastened thither, and found that the wretched man had taken poison. He was stretched on his bed, his countenance quite distorted and blackened by the convulsive fits with which he had been seized in consequence. As we entered,

he raised his head a little, and shrieking in the wildest manner, fell backwards on his pillow.

We ran to him, and supported his head, while his whole frame shuddered as if in the pangs of dissolution. But after a few minutes, he again opened his discolored and agonized eyes, and casting them wildly around, clasped first the hands of the marquis, and then mine, imploring forgiveness in a tone of despair, that I can never forget. Then pointing to a man who held a scroll in his hand, he tried to speak ; but being seized with a dreadful convulsion, his limbs became stiffened, and in a few moments he breathed his last.

The horror of such a death overwhelmed us both for some minutes. At last, recovering myself a little, I withdrew Don Lorenzo from this distressing scene. As we were going out, the notary presented me with the paper, which on opening, we found contained the following confession, dictated to him by

Don Facundo shortly before he had taken the poison.

“ On the point of appearing before the throne of Almighty God, I make the following disclosures, in the hope of being forgiven by him and those who have been the objects of my relentless hatred. Ambition, that accursed fiend, has always been the idol of my soul, and to satiate it, I sacrificed the Marchioness of Moncayo and her unborn infant, and intended also to destroy the eldest son of Don Lorenzo. Providence defeated that purpose. His life was spared by the man I commissioned to destroy him, and he was taken into the protection of Don Ignacio Lara. But, under the name of Esteban Lara he has, from the day I first discovered it till now, been the object of my hatred. As a dying man, I now entreat forgiveness of him, and solemnly declare he is the son and heir of my injured brother. This is the only restitution I can make. I implore forgiveness

of my first best friend Don Ignacio Lara. I confess that I obtained from king Ferdinand a sentence of death against him, after having forced him into the party of the Josephinos, and that the rest of his family have been my devoted victims during the last six years of oppression. My brother has repaid my cruelty and persecution by kindness and confidence; but he does not know how much I have injured him. Yet I must unburthen my mind before I die. I saw him pine unmoved in slavery and misery several years, prosecuted him as an impostor on his return, intrusted his destruction to some assassins, instigated Darquier to commit the murder of my townsmen that he might share in their fate, obtained of the king a decree for his imprisonment in the Castle of San Anton, and endeavoured in every possible manner to injure his reputation and deprive him of his rights and titles. I cannot hope for his forgiveness, but I will not bring disgrace on his name

by living to suffer the public punishment of my crimes. I have therefore taken poison. Here or hereafter there can be no pardon for me !

(Signed) “ FACUNDO TORREALVA.”

My hair stood on end while Don Ignacio read to us this extraordinary document. For some minutes we all remained motionless. At last I sprang into Don Lorenzo's arms, and gave full vent to the happiness of having at length found the author of my being in the exalted and benevolent Marquis.

When the first expression of our mutual affection had subsided, I turned to Isabella, whose expressive countenance showed that she sympathized in all my feelings. One consequence of this happy discovery, however, cast a shade of disappointment over us. Our relationship must of necessity delay our marriage for some months, until the Pope's schedule, or licence, could be obtained.

This new delay, added to the many that had already occurred, and to that kind of fatality which seemed to hang 'over our destinies, naturally excited some anxious foreboding lest a new misfortune should prevent our long-wished-for union; but hope soon dispelled those fears, and in the unrestrained enjoyment of each other's society, and the tender care of raising the dejected spirits of Don Lorenzo, the time did not pass very heavily, even to my impatience. At length the Pope's schedule arriving, I received from the hand of my father the best, the dearest gift he could bestow, and of which, dearly as I prized it, I have since discovered that I did not then know the full value.

Here I must pause. The momentary felicity of such an event ought not to be disturbed by subsequent occurrences, the recital of which, though it might, perhaps, afford matter of interest to the reader, could not but be an ungrateful task to my feelings. How could it, indeed,

be otherwise than painful, for one who, alas ! roves lonely and remote from the land of his birth, parted from every being he so deeply loves, to trace on paper events that led to the complete wreck of his country's happiness and his own ? So long as his mind dwelt in prospect on that happy issue—the meed of all his toils—his union with the beloved partner of his affections—he could talk with pleasure even of his miseries. But now that every thing would remind him of their separation, that every line he should write would remove him in idea further and further from her, this would no longer beguile the comfortless hours of his exile, but rather add fresh bitterness to his sorrows.

I shall, therefore, only add, that having written these Memoirs under difficulties of various descriptions arising from the peculiar situation in which I am placed, and being deprived of that ease of mind so necessary to useful exertion, by the fresh accounts of distress that daily arrive

from my unhappy country, I hope the candid reader will extend his indulgence to the numerous faults and imperfections which I am conscious must exist in them.

THE END.

LONDON:

SHACKELL AND ARROWSMITH, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

INTERESTING WORKS

JUST PUBLISHED BY HENRY COLBURN,

8, NEW BURLINGTON-STREET.

Lately published, in one large volume 8vo, price 16s.

1. LETTERS FROM SPAIN. By DON LEUCADIO DOBLADO.

This is an invaluable Work—*MORNING CHRONICLE*

2. MEMOIRS of MADAME DE GENLIS, Illustrative of the History of the 18th and 19th Centuries. Written by Herself. 2 vols. post 8vo. with Portrait, 18s. Ditto French, 16s.

3. A SECOND SERIES of SAYINGS and DOINGS; or, Sketches from Life. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. boards.

"Full of wise saws and modern instances."—*SHAKESPEARE.*

4. GAETIES and GRAVTIES, in Prose and Verse. A series of Essays, Comic Tales, and Fugitive Vagaries; now first collected. BY ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF THE REJECTED ADDRESSES. 3 vols. small 8vo. 27s.

5. TREMAINE; or, The MAN of REFINEMENT. In 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

6. A SECOND SERIES of HIGHWAYS and BYWAYS; or, TALES of the ROAD-SIDE. Picked up in the French Provinces. By a Walking Gentleman. In 3 vols. post 8vo. 30s.

7. MEMOIRS and RECOLLECTIONS of COUNT SEGUR, Ambassador from France to the Courts of Russia and Prussia. 8vo. French 10s. 6d. English 12s.

The Count de Segur was connected by ties of friendship and consanguinity with all the remarkable personages of the Courts of Louis XV. and XVI., and was engaged in the intercourse of Affairs and Society with Catharine II., Frederic the Great, Potemkin, Joseph II., Gustavus III., Washington, Kosciusko, La Fayette, Mirabeau, and Napoleon; as well as with the Chiefs of the Aristocratical and Democratical Parties, and the most illustrious Writers of his times.

8. JOURNAL of a RESIDENCE and TRAVELS in COLOMBIA, during the Years 1823 and 1824. By Captain Charles Stuart Cochrane, of the Royal Navy. In 2 vols. 8vo. with an original Map, and two coloured Plates. 30s. boards.

8. The **LAST DAYS OF NAPOLEON**. By Dr. **ANTOMMARCHI**. In French and English, in 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.

9. **CONVERSATIONS of LORD BYRON**, in which are detailed the principal occurrences of his Private Life, his Opinions on Society, Manners, Literature, and Literary Men. Being the substance of a Journal kept during a Residence with his Lordship at Pisa, in the years 1821 and 1822. By Thomas Medwin, Esq. of the 24th Light Dragoons. The 4th Edition, in 2 vols. fcap. uniform with the Works. 14s.

10. The **SPIRITS of the AGE**; or, **CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS**. 1 vol. 8vo. 12s.

Contents.—Mr. Jeffrey, Mr. Gifford, Mr. Southey, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Thomas Moore, Mr. William Godwin, Mr. Jeremy Bentham, Mr. Coleridge, Mr. Leigh Hunt, Mr. Wordsworth, Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. Brougham, Sir F. Burdett, Rev. E. Irving, Lord Eldon, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Malthus, Mr. Crabb, the late Mr. Horne Tooke, &c. &c.

11. **MEMOIRS of the COURT of FRANCE** during the Residence (above thirty years) of the **MARQUIS DE DAN-GEAU**. Now first translated from the French, with Historical and Critical Notes. In 2 vols. 8vo. 28s. Ditto in French.

This very interesting Work will be found to contain a great number of Secret Anecdotes and Facts, hitherto unknown, respecting the Courts of France and England.

12. The **PRIVATE JOURNAL of MADAME CAMPAN's CONVERSATIONS**; comprising Original Anecdotes of the French Court; also Selections from her Correspondence, her Thoughts on Education, &c. 8vo. 14s. French 12s.

13. **COUNT LAS CASES' JOURNAL of the PRIVATE LIFE and CONVERSATIONS of the late EMPEROR NAPOLEON**: a new edition, compressed into 4 handsome volumes, 8vo., and illustrated with Portraits of Napoleon and Las Cases; a View of the House in which Napoleon was born at Ajaccio in Corsica; four coloured Views of St. Helena, taken on the spot, besides Maps, Plans, &c. Price 13s. per vol. or 2l. 12s. the complete work in French or English.

As this Work is universally acknowledged to form the most complete epitome of the Life, Character, and Opinions of this extraordinary man, it is presumed that this new edition, compressed into 4 vols. and published at a very moderate price, will be extremely acceptable to the public, and that there are few who will not be desirous of possessing it.

14. **NAPOLEON'S HISTORICAL MEMOIRS**, dictated at St. Helena, to Counts Montholon, Bertrand, Gourgaud, &c., and published from the original manuscripts. Corrected by Himself. 7 vols. 8vo. with fac-similes, maps, &c.

"On these sheets are traced events that will never be forgotten, portraits that will decide the judgment of posterity. It is the book of life or death to many whose names are recorded in it;"—Opinion of Las Cases in his Journal.



15. JOURNAL of a RESIDENCE in ASHANTEE. By JOSEPH DUPUIS, Esq. late his Britannic Majesty's Envoy and Consul for that Kingdom. In 1 vol. 4to. with a map and 16 plates, 2l. 12s. 6d. boards.

"We recommend this Work as one of the most interesting that has appeared for some time: it embraces a valuable account of Western Africa, and a series of Geographical documents of great importance, from the Arabic. These papers throw much light on the subject of African discovery, and will be of great use to future travellers. From the situation Mr. Dupuis held, and the facilities he possessed, he is enabled to give information inaccessible to others; and the respectability of his character is a guarantee of the truth of his statements. The account of his mission to the King of Ashantee is highly interesting, as is his general description of the country."—*Star*.

16. HISTORY of the COMMONWEALTH of ENGLAND, from the Commencement of the Civil War, to the Restoration of Charles the Second. By William Godwin. The first volume, containing the Civil War. 8vo. 14s.

17. COWPER's PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE. Second edition, published from the originals in the possession of the Editor: in 2 vols. 8vo. with portraits, 1l. 8s.

18. LIFE and TIMES of SALVATOR ROSA. By Lady Morgan, 2 vols. 8vo. with a fine portrait of Salvator from a painting by Himself, 1l. 8s.

19. GEORGE the THIRD, his COURT and FAMILY: the personal History of his late Majesty. A new edition, with important additions, and eighteen portraits, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s.

20. MEMOIRS of GOETHE, the celebrated author of "Faust," the "Sorrows of Werter," &c. Written by Himself, 2 vols. 8vo. portrait, 1l. 4s.

21. MEMOIRS of a THREE YEARS' CAPTIVITY in Japan. With observations on the Country and the People. By Captain Golownin. Second edition, revised, in 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

22. MEMOIRS of MARIE ANTOINETTE, Queen of France. By Madame Campan, her first Lady of the Bed-chamber. New edition, in 2 vols. 8vo. with portraits, 1l. 4s. In French, 1l. 1s.

23. HISTORICAL VIEW of the LITERATURE of the South of Europe. By M. De Sismondi, with Notes by Thomas Roscoe, Esq. 4 vols. 2l. 16s.

4 *Interesting Works just Published by H. Colburn.*

24. The **LIFE** of **WILLIAM HAYLEY**, Esq. the Friend and Biographer of Cowper. Written by Himself. Containing a variety of Anecdotes of the most eminent men of his time, extracts from his Private Correspondence, &c. 2 vols. 4to. with portraits, 4l. 4s.

25. **MEMOIRS** of **GENERAL COUNT RAPP**, First Aide-de-Camp to Napoleon. Written by Himself, with a portrait, 12s. French, 10s. 6d.

26. The **MANUSCRIPT** of 1814, a history of events which led to the abdication of Napoleon, written at the command of the Emperor. By Baron Fain, Secretary of the Cabinet, &c. 8vo. With fac-simile of the abdication, and map of the campaign, 12s.

27. **MEMOIRS** of **BENVENUTO CELLINI**. Written by Himself. Containing an unreserved account of his intimacy with Francis I. of France, the Emperor Charles V., Popes Clement VII. and Paul III., and many of the princes, statesmen, and ecclesiastics of that important era. Third edition, revised, with notes, by Thomas Roscoe, Esq., in 2 vols. 8vo. with portrait, 1l. 4s.

28. **LETTERS** on **ENGLAND**. By the Count de Soligny. Containing free remarks on the present state of society and manners, arts, literature, amusements, &c. 2 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 1s.

29. The **ETONIAN**. A Series of Essays, Criticisms, and Delineations of Life and Manners. Third edition, in 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

"So much ingenuity, good taste, good sense, and good feeling, are displayed, that Eton has reason to be proud of her sons, and their labours deserve extended patronage."—*New Times*.

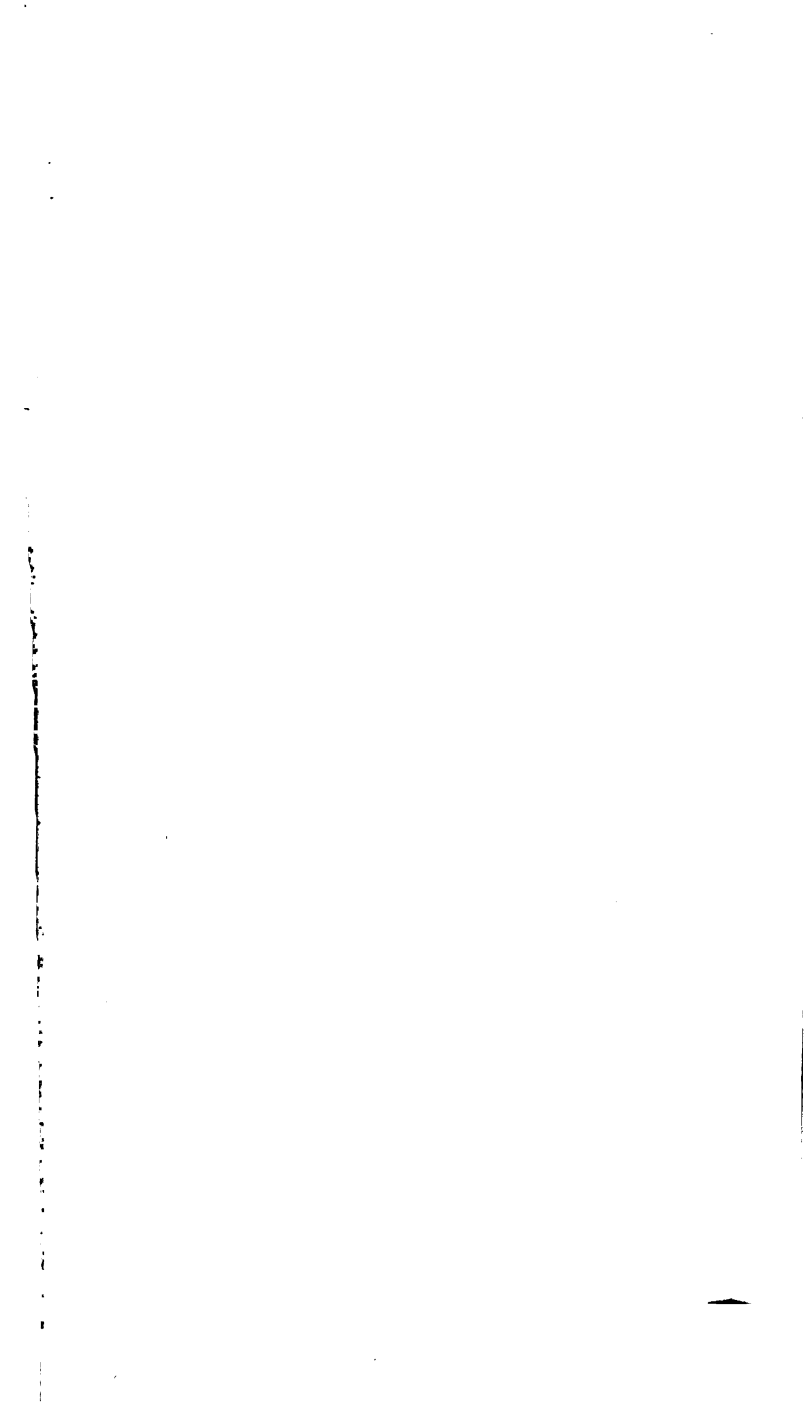
30. **TABLE TALK**; or, Delineations of **MEN** and **MANNERS**. Second edition, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

31. The **CORRESPONDENCE** of **HORACE WALPOLE**, EARL of ORFORD, now first collected. In 4 handsome vols. 8vo. with portrait. Price 2l. 8s. boards.

"The Letters of Horace Walpole are master-pieces in their way; that in which they shine unrivalled, is their accurate reflection of the passing scenes of each day, pointed by remarks equally witty and sarcastic. A new Democritus seems to have assumed the pen, to sneer at the grave follies of the human species."—*Quarterly Review*.

32. The **HIGHLANDERS**; a Tale, by the Author of the "*Hermit in London*," "*Hermit Abroad*," &c. &c. In 3 vols. 1l. 1s.

22



RETURN TO the circulation desk of any
University of California Library

or the

NORTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
400, Richmond Field Station
University of California
Richmond, CA 94804-4698

BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS

2-month loans may be renewed by calling
(510) 642-6753

1-year loans may be recharged by bringing
books to NRLF

Renewals and recharges may be made
14 days prior to due date

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

SEP 02 2004

26 2008

U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C031090746